

THE
HYMNARY.
WITH TUNES.

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THE HYMNARY,

WITH TUNES,



A COLLECTION OF MUSIC FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY S. LASAR.

New York and Chicago:

BIGLOW & MAIN, Successors to WM. B. BRADBURY.

PREFATORY NOTE.

A FEW words of introduction seem necessary. The Editor of "The Hymnary" has been happy to find among Christian workers a growing sentiment in favor of a higher standard of hymns and tunes in our Sunday Schools. Very many leading clergymen and laymen have often expressed the most earnest wish that the grand hymns of such writers as Watts, Wesley, Heber, Doddridge, Montgomery and others, clothed in music suited to the dignity of the subject, might be found, with their purifying and elevating influence, in the Sunday School. In the preparation of this work, which has cost much time and laborious research during the past two years, it has been the aim to meet the want thus indicated by presenting hymns and tunes thoughtfully selected from the productions of the best writers and composers, both ancient and modern.

The Christian will find the hymns rich in thought and all aglow with the spirit of true devotion, while the musician will be charmed by the graceful melodies and beautiful harmonies which never lose their dignity, and become more interesting with every repetition. Should any of the music at first seem too difficult in harmony (the *melodies* are easily learned by children), a little careful study will make all clear. The "Amen" should always be used when the hymn is of the nature of a prayer, and is almost equally appropriate in praise. Good judgment will introduce it when needed, although in some cases where its use is desirable it has been omitted for want of space. The introduction of the German Chorals, it is believed, will add an abiding interest to the work. To those who have not time for a thorough examination of the Hymnary, the Editor would suggest a trial of some of the following pieces as samples: pages 7, 8, 9, 18, 20, 30, 32, 41, 45, 50, 51, 56, 72, 110, 114, 127, 130, 138, 139, 149, 143, 150, 152, 154, 155, 156, 165.

Special obligations are gratefully acknowledged to the publishers of "Cantica Sacra" for permission to use the hymns and tunes thus credited; also to the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr., Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, John H. Cornell, L. B. Downes, the late Dr. Lowell Mason, Geo. James Webb, Dr. Wm. Mason, Wm. F. Sherwin, Hubert P. Main, Henry Camp and others, for valuable compositions, kindly suggestions and judicious counsel.

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THE HYMNARY, with Tunes.

PRAISE THE KING.

Bishop FRANCIS LYTE, 1858.

Partly MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven, To His feet thy tribute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fathers in distress; Praise Him, still the same as ev - er,

Ev - er - more His prais - es sing; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
Slow to chide, and swift to bless; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Glorious in His faithfulness. *Amen.*

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praise with us the God of grace.—*Amen.*

H. F. LYTE, 1834.

From "Cantica Sacra," by special permission.

1. Praise the Lord, His glo - ries show, Saints with - in his courts be - low, An - gels round His
 2. Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, Tell His won - ders, sing His worth; Age to age, and
 3. Praise the Lord, His mer - cies trace; Praise His prov - i - dence and grace— All that He for
 4. Strings and voi - ces, hands and hearts, In the con - cert bear your parts: All that breathe, your

Chorus.

throne a - bove, All that see and share His love! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah!
 shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him ev - er - more! Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.
 man hath done, All He sends us through His Son; Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.
 Lord a - dore; Praise Him, praise Him ev - er - more! Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men!

HALLELUJAH!

5

Re-translated by Rev. Dr. HENRY ALFORD.

J. BARNBY, 1869. Founded on an Ancient Melody.

1. Let us all in | con - cert sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Let the people..... |
 2. Sing, ye choirs a - - | bove the skies, Hal - le - lu - jah! Harp, ye blessed.... |

echo - ing ring, Praising the E - - | ter - nal King, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 com - pa - nies, Through the fields of Pa - ra - dise, Hal - le - lu - jah!

3 Sound, ye glittering | stars of light, Hallelujah!
 Clouds in course, and | birds in flight,
 Thunders deep, and | lightnings bright, Hallelujah!

4 Floods and billows, | snow and shower, Hallelujah!
 Skies that glow, and | storms that lower,
 Frost and sunbeam, | tree and flower, Hallelujah!

5 Beasts of earth, make | answer deep, Hallelujah!
 Shout forth every | mountain steep,
 And ye valcs be- | neath that sleep, Hallelujah!

6 Cry, thou ocean, | jubilant, Hallelujah!
 Every isle and | continent,
 Echo onward | resonant, Hallelujah!

7 Let the sons of | men upraise, Hallelujah!
 Joining with ex- | ultant lays,
 In the great Cre- | ator's praise, Hallelujah!

8 This the strain the | Father loves, Hallelujah!
 As its chorus | round Him moves,
 This, which Christ Him- | self approves, Hallelujah!

9 Therefore, brethren, | sing with joy, Hallelujah!
 Ever in your | glad employ,
 Answer, every | maid and boy, Hallelujah!

10 Now by all be | honor done, Hallelujah!
 To the Father | and the Son,
 And the Spirit, | Three in Oue. Hallelujah!

Rev. GEO. HERBERT, 1632.

E. G. MONK, 1867.

1. Let all the world in ev - ery cor - ner sing My God and King!
 2. Let all the world in ev - ery cor - ner sing My God and King!

The heavens are not too high; His praise may thith - er fly; The earth is not too low;
 The Church with psalms must shout, No door can keep them out; But, o - ver all, my heart

His praises there may grow. Let all the world in ev - ery cor - ner sing My God and King!
 Must bear the long - est part. Let all the world in ev - ery cor - ner sing My God and King!

PRAISE YE GOD, THE LORD.

7

JOHN STUART BLACKIE,

Rev. Sir FRED. A. GORE OUSELEY.

1. An - gels ho - ly, high and low - ly, Sing the prais-es of the Lord! Earth and sky, all liv - ing

na - ture, Man, the stamp of thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord! A - men.

2 Sun and moon, bright night and moonlight;
 Starry temples, azure-floored;
 Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness
 Sons of God, that shout for gladness,
 Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary, tell His glory;
 Cliffs, where trembling seas have roared;
 Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
 Wave advancing, wave retreating,
 Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord!

4 Rolling river praise Him ever,
 From the moutaios' deep vein poured;
 Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
 Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
 Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord!

5 Praise Him ever, bounteous Giver;
 Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
 Each glad soul its free course winging,
 Each glad voice its free song singing,
 Praise the great and mighty Lord! Amen.

SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1863.

E. J. HOPKINS, Organist of the Temple Church, London, England.

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's
 2. Heaven and earth must pass a - way, Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new
 3. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice; Learn - ing here, by

work be - gun, When God spake and it was done. Songs of praise a - woke the morn When the Prince of
 heaven and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth. And can man a - lone be dumb Till that glorious
 faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to

Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
 king - dom come? No! the Church de - lights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
 Thee we raise; Je - sus, glo - ry un - to Thee, With the Spir - it, ev - er be. A - men.

MAY JESUS CHRIST BE PRAIS'D.

9

Rev. E. CASWALL.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1863.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak-ing cries May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.

A - like at work and pray'r To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be prais'd. *A-men.*

2 Whenc'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd:
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd:
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.

4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say
May Jesus Christ be prais'd:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.

5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
Let Jesus Christ be prais'd:
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd. Amen.

THE ENDLESS HALLELUJAH!

Rev. J. ELLERTON.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1867.

f *cres.* *ff*

1. Sing Hallelujah forth in du-teous praise, O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise An
 2. Ye next, who stand before th'E- ter - nal Light, In hymning choirs re-echo to the Height An
 3. The Holy City shall take up your strain, And with glad songs resounding wake a - gain An
 4. In blissful antiphons ye thus re - jice To render to the Lord with thankful voice An

mf

end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.
 end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.
 end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.
 end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.

5. Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
 6. There, in one grand acclaim, for - - - ev - er ring

cres.

Victorious one, your chant shall still be this, An end - less Hal - le - lu - - jah.
 The strains which tell the honor of your King, An end - less Hal - le - lu - - jah.

THE ENDLESS HALLELUJAH.—Concluded.

11

P *cres.* *mf*

7. This is the rest for weary | ones brought back; | This is the food and drink which | none shall lack,—An

ff
Org.

end - less Hal - le - lu - - jah. | 8. While Thee, by whom were all things | made, we praise
9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our | voic - es sing

rall.

Forever, and tell out in | sweet-est lays, An end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.
Glory forevermore; to | Thee we bring, An end - less Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men.

N. B.—The performance of this Chant is capable of various modifications, e. g., the whole may be sung in Unison, or only the 8th and 9th verses (the rest being sung in harmony); or again, the 5th and 6th verses may be sung by Trebles only.—J. B.

ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED.

Bishop RICHARD MANT, 1837.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. Round the Lord in glory seated, Cherubim and Seraphim Filled His temple and repeated, Each to each, the alternate hymn :
 2. " Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven, Earth is with its fullness stored ; Unto Thee be glory given, Holy, Holy, Ho- ly ! Lord."



- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 " Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! " singing,
 " Lord of hosts, the Lord most High ! "</p> | <p>4 With His seraph-train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :</p> | <p>5 " Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Lord ! "</p> |
|---|--|---|

WORTHY THE LAMB.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

From " Cantica Sacra," by permission.



1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne ; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.



- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 " To be exalted thus ! "
 " Worthy the Lamb ! " our lips reply,
 " For He was slain for us."</p> | <p>3 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 And speak Thine endless praise.</p> | <p>4 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb !</p> |
|--|--|---|

GOD OF MERCY, THRONED ON HIGH.

13

E. BICKERSTETH'S Psalmody, 1833.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. God of mer - cy, throned on high, Lis - ten from Thy loft - y seat ;

Hear, oh, hear our fee - ble ery,— Guide, oh, guide our wan - d'ring feet. A - men.

2 Young and erring travelers we,
All our dangers do not know ;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, Lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy Blood divine
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

4 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and Love on every soul ;
Hope, till time shall be no more,—
Love, while endless ages roll. Amen.

DOXOLOGY.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love ;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host !
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

COME, MY SOUL, THY SUIT PREPARE.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

HENRY BAKER, Mus. Bac. Oxon., 1868.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare, Je- sus loves to an- swer prayer; He Him- self has
 2. Thou art com- ing to a King, Large pe- ti- tions with thee bring; For His grace and
 3. With my bur- den I be- gin:— Lord! re- move this load of sin; Let Thy blood, for

bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.
 power are such None can ev- er ask too much.
 sin- ners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord! I come to Thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast;
 There Thy sovereign right maintain,
 And, without a rival, reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
 Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

GUIDE US TO THEE.

W. F. SHERWIN, by permission.

1. Fa- ther, Thou art great and ho- ly, Hear us when we bend the knee; Make us hum- ble,

meek and low - ly, Guide us to Thee.

2 Saints and angels fall before Thee,
Where the soul is ever free;
Humbly still we would adore Thee,
Guide us to Thee.

3 By Thy love and pow'r defended,
May we ever faithful be,
And when life's short day is ended,
Guide us to Thee.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1854.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. My God! is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning star, As that which
2. Blest is the tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn hour of eve, When, on the

calls me to Thy feet— The hour of prayer?
wings of prayer up - borne, The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

SAVIOUR, WHO DIED FOR ME.

Miss M. J. MASON.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by permission.

1. Saviour, who died for me, I give my-self to Thee; Thy love, so full—so free, Claims all my powers.

Be this my pur-pose high, To serve Thee till I die, Whether my path shall lie 'Mid thorns and flowers.

2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;
Thy gracious aid I seek,
For Thou the word must speak,
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear Thy voice,
Thou art my only choice;
Oh, bid my heart rejoice,
Be Thou my song.

3 May it be joy to me
To follow only Thee;—
Thy faithful servant be
Thine to the end.

For Thee, I'll do and dare;
For Thee, the cross I'll bear,
To Thee direct my prayer,
On Thee depend.

4 Saviour, with me abide;
Be ever near my side,
Support, defend and guide.
I look to Thee.
I lay my hand in Thine,
And fleeting joys resign,
If I may call Thee mine
Eternally.

THY WAY, O LORD.

17

Rev. HOEATIUS BONAR, 1856.

Rev. H. L. JENNER.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests and a final double bar line.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be! Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.
 2. I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God; So shall I walk aright.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>3 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.</p> | <p>4 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.</p> | <p>5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom, and my All.</p> |
|--|---|---|

LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1840.

W. H. MONK.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 3/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final double bar line.

1. Lord, in this Thy mer-cy's day, Ere it pass for aye a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.
 2. Ho - ly Je - sus, grant us tears, Fill us with heart-searching fears Ere that aw - ful doom ap-pears.
 3. Lord, on us Thy spir - it pour, Kneeling low - ly at the door Ere it close for - ev - er - more.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>4 By Thy night of agony,
 By Thy supplicating cry,
 By Thy willingness to die,</p> | <p>5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
 For Jerusalem below,
 Let us not Thy love forego.</p> | <p>6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place
 Lest we lose this day of grace—
 Ere we shall behold Thy face.</p> |
|---|--|--|

THE MERCY SEAT.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1872.

1. Approach, my soul, the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer ; There hum - bly fall be -
 2. Bowed down be - neath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly prest, By war with - out and

fore His feet, For none can per - ish there, Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea, With
 fears with - in, I come to Thee for rest. Be Thou my shield and hid - ing place, That,

this I ven - ture nigh ; Thou call - est bur - dened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
 sheltered near Thy side, I may my fierce ac - cus - er face, And tell him Thou hast died.

GOD IS LOVE.

19

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission. German Melody.

1. God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss He wakes, and
 2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move; But His mer - cy

3.
 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will His changeless goodness prove,
 From the gloom His brightness streameth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

4.
 He with earthly cares entwined
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere His glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

woe He light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
 wan - eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.

JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE.

Rev. GEO. RUNDELL PRYNNE, 1856.

G. A. HARDACRE, 1867.

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high, Pitying, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy children's cry.
 2. Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love; Draw us, Holy Je - sus! To the realms a - bove.
 3. Lead us on our jour - ney, Be Thy-self the Way Through terrestrial dark - ness To ce - les - tial day.
 4. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high, Pitying, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy children's cry.

THE NAME OF OUR SALVATION.

Trans. by Rev. J. MASON NEALE. *15th Century.*

From "Cantica Sacra," by special permission.

1. To the Name of our Sal - va - tion Laud and hon - or let us pay; Which, for

many a gen - e - ra - tion, Hid in God's foreknowledge lay, But with ho - ly ex - ul -

- ta - tion We may sing a - loud to - day, We may sing a - loud to - day.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>2 Jesus is the Name we treasure ;
Name beyond what words can tell ;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well ;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.</p> | <p>3 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name ;
In this Name whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame ;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.</p> | <p>4 Therefore we, in love revering,
Holy Jesus ! Thee implore
So to write Thy Name endearing
In our hearts forevermore,
That, at length in Heaven appearing,
We with angels may adore.</p> |
|---|---|---|

O SON OF GOD.

Bishop A. C. COXE, 1840.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

1. How hauteous were the marks di - vine, That in Thy meek - ness used to shine,
2. Oh, who like Thee, so ealm, so bright, So pure, so made to live in light, -

That lit Thy lone - ly path - way, trod In won - drous love, O Son of God !
Oh, who like Thee did ev - er go So pa - tient thro' a world of woe !

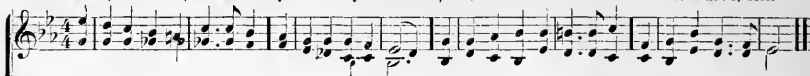
3 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free
Was pang and seoff and scorn to Thee ;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

4 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe !
And give me ever on the road
To traee Thy footsteps, Son of God !

JESUS' NAME.

BERNARD, of Clairvaux, Twelfth Century. Transl. by E. CASWALL, 1849.

J. BARNEY, 1861.



1. Jesus, the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.



2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind!

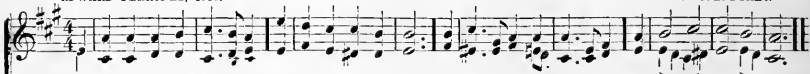
3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 Jesus, our only joy be Thon,
As Thon our Prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thon our glory now,
And through eternity.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

EDWARD PERRONET, 1780.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. All hail the power of Jesus' name Let angels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.



2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

SONGS OF THANKFULNESS AND PRAISE.

23

Right Rev. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, Bishop of Lincoln, 1862.

H. S. IRONS.

1. Songs of thank-ful - ness and praise, Je - sus, Lord, to Thee we raise, Man - i - fest - ed
 2. Man - i - fest at Jor-dan's stream, Prophet, Priest, and King su - preme; And at Ca - na
 3. Man - i - fest in mak-ing whole Pal-sied limbs and faint-iug soul; Man - i - fest in

by the star To the sa-ges from a - far; Branch of Roy - al Da - vid's stem In Thy birth at
 wed-ding-guest In Thy God-head man - i - fest; Man - i - fest in power Di - vine, Changing wa - ter
 val - iant fight, Quell-iug all the dev - il's might; Man - i - fest in gra-cious will, Ev - er bring-ing

Beth - le - hem; An - thems be to Thee ad-drest, God in Man made man - i - fest. A - men.
 in - to wine; An - thems, &c.
 good from ill; An - thems, &c.

Rev. MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848.

Dr. G. J. ELVEY.

1. Crown Him with ma-ny crowns, The Lamb up-on His Throne; Hark, how the heavenly anthem downs
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love: Be-hold His hands and side, Rich wounds yet vis-i-ble a-bove
 3. Crown Him the Lord of pence: Whose power a scepter sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease,

All mu-sic but its own: A-wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And hail Him
 In beau-ty glo-ri-fied: No an-gel in the sky Can ful-ly bear that sight, But downward
 And all be prayer and praise: His reign shall know no end, And round His pierced feet Fair flowers of

as thy match-less King Through all e-ter-ni-ty.
 bends his burn-ing eye At mys-te-ries so great.
 Par-a-dise ex-tend Their fra-grance ev-er sweet.

4.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
 The Potentate of time,
 Creator of the rolling spheres,
 Ineffably sublime.
 All hail, Redeemer, hail
 For Thou hast died for me;
 Thy praise shall never, never fail
 Throughout eternity.

I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

25

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1857,

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and
 2. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine; His right hand me em-
 3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild; I long to be like

frees us From the ac - curs - ed load; I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To
 bra - ces, I on his breast re - cline: I love the name of Je - sus, Im-
 Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child: I long to be with Je - sus, A-

wash my crim - son stains White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
 man - nel, Christ, the Lord; Like fra - grance, on the breez - es, His name a - broad is poured.
 mid the heavenly throng, To sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song.

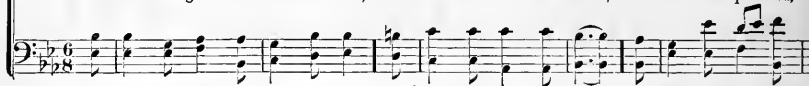
THINE ARM, O LORD!

Rev. Prof. E. H. PLUMPTRE, 1867.

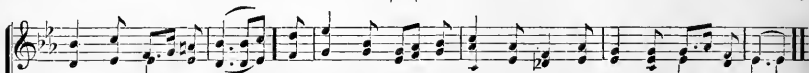
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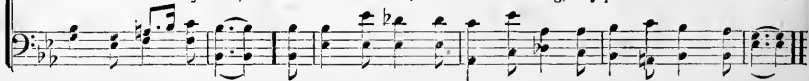
1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old, Was strong to heal and save; It triumphed o'er dis-
 2. And lo, Thy touch bro't life and health, Gave speech, and strength, and sight; And youth renewed and
 3. Be Thou our great De - liv - erer still, Thou Lord of life and death; Re - store and quick-en,



- ease and death, Oer dark - ness and the grave; To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The
 fren - zy calmed, Owned Thee, the Lord of Light; And now, O Lord, be near to bless, Al -
 soothe and bless With Thine al - might - y breath; To hands that work and eyes that see Give



pal - sied and the lame, The le - per with his taint - ed life, The sick with fe - vered frame.
 - might - y as of yore, In crowd - ed street, by rest - less couch, As by Gennesareth's shore.
 wis - dom's heavenly lore, That whole and sick, and weak and strong, May praise Thee ev - er - more.



HARK! TEN THOUSAND HARPS AND VOICES. 27

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

R. P. STEWART, 1868.

1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove ;
 2. King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er— Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown ;
 3. Sav - iour! hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, oh, bring the glo - rious day

Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love ;
 Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;—
 When, the aw - ful sum - mons hear - ing, Heaven and earth shall pass a - way:

See, He sits on yon - der throne,— Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.
 Then, with gold - den harps, we'll sing,— “Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!”

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1867.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

1. { Once in roy - al Da - vid's Cit - y Stood a low - ly eat - tle shed, }
Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed: } Ma - ry was that mother

mild, Je - sus Christ that lit - tle Child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

* 3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor, and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

* 4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him: but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

* These verses may be omitted.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, SON OF GOD.

29

Rev. Sir FREDERICK A. GOBE OUSELEY, Prof. of Music, University of Oxford.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, Son of God, Who for me life's path - way trod, Who for me be -

came a child; Make me hum - ble, meek, and mild.

2 I Thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was Thy child of old
Take me, too, within Thy fold.

3 Teach me how to pray to Thee,
Make me holy, heavenly;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live with Thee above.

GLORY BE TO JESUS.

From the Italian, Trans. by Rev. EDWARD CASWALL.

By special permission from "Cantica Sacra"

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pa - ins, Pour'd for me the life - blood From His sacred ve - ins!
2. Grace and life e - ter - nal In that Blood I find, Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind!
3. Blest thro' end - less a - ges Be the precious stream, Which from endless torments Did the world redeem!
4. Oft as earth ex - ult - ing Waits its praise on high, An - gel - hosts re - joic - ing Make their glad re - ply.
5. Lift ye thou your voic - es; Swell the might - y flood; Louder still, and loud - er Praise the precious Blood.

St. BERNARD, of Clairvaux, 1120. Translated by Rev. R. PALMER, 1834.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. Je - sus, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!

From the best bliss that earth in - parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.

2.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All!

3.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still!
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!

4.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see;
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

31

Bishop MANT, 1837.

J. H. CORNELL, 1872. For this work.

1. Ho - ly Je - sus, Sav - iour bless'd, When, by pas - sion strong pos - sess'd, Through this world of
 2. Ho - ly Je - sus, when like night Er - ror dims our cloud - ed sight, Through the mists of

ritardando.

3 Holy Jesus, when our power
 Fails us in temptation's hour,
 All unequal to the strife,
 Thou to aid us art the Life.

4 Who would reach his heavenly home,
 Who would to the Father come
 And His glorious presence see,
 Jesus, he must come by Thee.

OUR BLEST REDEEMER.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed His last fare - well, A Guide, a Comfort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
 2. He comes, His graces to im - part, A will - ing guest, While He can find one humble heart wherein to rest.
 3. He breathes that gentle voice we hear As breeze of even; That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.
 4. Spirit of pu - ri - ty and grace! Our weak - ness see; Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling - place, And worthier Thee!

Rev. C. WALWORTH.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission—old German Melody.

1. { Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name! Lord of all, we bow be - fore Thee; }
 { All on earth Thy seep - tre claim, All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee: } In - fi - nite Thy vast do - main,

Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.

- 2 Hark! the loud celestial hymo,
 Angel-choirs above are raising
 Cherubim and Seraphim
 In unceasing chorus praising,
 Fill the heavens with sweet accord:
 Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
- 3 Lo! the Apostolic train
 Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!
 Prophets swell the loud refrain,
 And the white-robed Martyrs follow;
 And from morn till set of sun,
 Through the Church the song goes on.

- 4 Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, three we name Thee,
 While is essence, only One,
 Undivided God, we claim Thee;
 And, adoring, bend the knee,
 While we own the mystery.
- 5 Thou art King of Glory, Christ!
 Son of God, yet born of Mary,
 For us sinners sacrificed,
 And to death a tributary:
 First to break the bars of death,
 Thou hast opened Heaven to faith.
- 6 From Thy high, celestial home,
 Judge of all, again returning,
 We believe that Thou shalt come,
 On the dreadful Doom's-day morning,
 When Thy voice shall shake the earth,
 And the startled dead come forth.
- 7 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
 By a thousand snares surrounded:
 Keep us without sin to-day,
 Never let us be confounded.
 Lo! I put my trust in Thee,
 Never, Lord, abandon me.

SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES.

33

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

JOHN HULLAH, 1867.

1. Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings ; It is the Lord, who ris - es
 2. In ho - ly eou - tem - pla - tion We sweetly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal - va - tion,
 3. It can bring with it noth - ing But He will bear us through ; Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing

With heal - ing in His wings : When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
 And find it ev - er new : Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,
 Will clothe His peo - plo too ; Be - neath the spread - ing heav - ens, No creature but is fed ;

A sen - sion of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain.
 Let the un - known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.
 And He who feeds the ra - vens Will give His chil - dren bread.

4.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice,
 For while in Him confiding
 I cannot but rejoice.

TURN NOT, O LORD, THY GUESTS AWAY.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. Forth from the dark and storm - y sky, Lord, to Thine al - tar's shade we fly ;
 2. Long have we roamed in want and pain, Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;

Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Sav - iour, we seek Thy shel - ter here :
 Wil - dered in doubt, in dark - ness lost, Long have our souls been tem - pest - tost

Wea - ry and weak, Thy grace we pray ; Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests a - way !
 Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ; Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests a - way !

TO THEE I CRY.

35

Bishop H. F. LYTE, 1834.

Dr. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.

1. Lord God of my sal - va - tion, To Thee, to Thee I cry; O let my sup - pli -
 2. Thy wrath lies hard up - on me, Thy bil - lows o'er me roll; My friends all seem to
 3. No! ban - ished and heart - bro - ken, My soul still elings to Thee; Thy prom - ise Thou hast

ca - tion Ar - rest Thine ear on high. Dis - tress - es round me thick - en, My life draws
 shun me, And foes be - set my soul. Where'er on earth I turn me, No com - fort -
 spo - ken Shall still my ref - uge be. So pre - sent ills and ter - rors May fu - ture

nigh the grave: De - scend, O Lord, to quick - en, De - scend my soul to save.
 er is near; Wilt Thou too, Fa - ther, spurn me? Wilt Thou re - fuse to hear?
 joy in - crease: And scourge me from my er - rors To du - ty, hope, and peace. A - men.

Rev. GODFREY THRING, 1866.

Prof. HERBERT OAKLEY.

1. Sav-iour, Blessed Sav-iour, Listen while we sing, Hearts and voices rais-ing Praises to our King ;

ritard.
All we have we of - fer; All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known;
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

5 Higher still, and higher,
Soars the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting
Hastening to its goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

37

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, 1848.

Adapted by JOHN GOSS from HANDEL.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Ev'n tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me!
 2. Tho' like a wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness comes o - ver me, My rest a stone,

Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

3 There let my way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given:
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

DAY BY DAY.

Arr. from GOTTSCHALK.

1. Day by day the man - na fell; Oh, to learn this les - son well! Still by con - stant
 2. "Day by day," the prom - ise reads, Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs; Cast fore - bod - ing

mer - cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai - ly bread.
 fears a - way, Take the man - na of to - day.

3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand ;
 All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
 To Thy wisdom we resign,
 And would mould our wills to Thine.

4 Thou our daily task shalt give ;
 Day by day to Thee we live ;
 So shall added years fulfil
 Not our own, our Father's will.

AS PANTS THE HART.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

Dr. LOUIS SPÖHR, died 1859.

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heat - ed in the chase, So pants my

Musical score for the hymn "AS PANTS THE HART". It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

soul, O God, for Thee And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.

2 For Thee my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

THE LOWLY JESUS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mns. Doc.

Musical score for the hymn "THE LOWLY JESUS". It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

1. When, like a stranger on our sphere, The low - ly Je - sus wandered here, Wher - e'er He
2. The eye that rolled in irksome night, Be - held His face,—for God is Light: The op - ening

went, af - fic - tion fled, And sickness reared her fainting head.
ear, the loosened tongue, His precepts heard, His prais - es sung.

3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave He bowed His head.
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumph'd, we would tread;
To all, with willing hands, dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D., 1833.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, Kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy Power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now.... Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er erag and tor - rent, till.... The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see.... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and spite of fears,.... Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile.... Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

UPWARD WHERE THE STARS ARE BURNING. 41

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Upward where the stars are burning, Si - leut, si - leat in their turning, Round the nev - er changing pole :

Upward where the sky is bright-est, Upward where the blue is light - est, — Lift I now my long - ing soul.

ritenuto.

2.
Far beyond that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy—
I would find my mansion there.

3.
Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By teu thousand voices greeted :
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him,
With His name the palaece rings.

4.
Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heav'nly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His Throne we meet.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHOEBE CARY, 1854.

L. T. DOWNES, by permission.

Musical score for 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought' in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'A - men.' written above the treble staff.

1 ONE sweetly | solemn thought
Comes | to me o'er and | o'er ;
I am nearer | home to-day
Than I · ever · have | been before.

2 Nearer my | Father's house,
Where the | many mansions | be ;
Nearer the | great white throne
Nearer the | crystal sea ;

3 Nearer the | bound of life,
Where we | lay our burdens | down ;
Nearer | leaving · the cross,
Nearer · gain — | · ing the crown.

4 But lying | darkly · between,
Winding | down — · through the | night,
Is the silent, | unknown stream,
That leads at · last — | to the light.

5 Oh, if my | mortal feet
Have | almost gained the | brink ;
If it be I am | nearer home
Even to · -day — | than I think :

6 Father, | perfect · my trust,
Let my | spirit feel in | death
That her feet are | firmly set
On the · rock · of a | living faith. Amen.

Or this.

A. H. D. TROYTE.

Musical score for 'Or this.' in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'A - men.' written above the treble staff.

NOTE. This chant requires slight deviations in the dividing.

S. S. WESLEY, 1863.

1. From E-gypt late-ly come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our bet- ter home,
 2. To Canaan's sa-cred bound We haste with songs of joy, Where peace and liber- ty are found,
 3. But hark! those distant sounds That strike our list'-ing ears, They come from Canaan's happy bounds

Where we our rest shall gain. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 And sweets that never cloy. Hal - le - lu - jah! etc.
 Where God, our King, appears. Hal - le - lu - jah! etc.

We are on our way to God.

- 4 There, in ccelestial strains,
 Enraptur'd myriads sing;
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God Himself is King.
 Hallelujah! etc.
- 5 We soon shall gain the thron',
 Their pleasure we shall share,
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With all the ransomed there.
 Hallelujah! etc.

THY WILL BE DONE.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

Rev. Sir FREDERICK A. G. OUSELEY, Bart.

1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me
 2. What though in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends beloved, no lon-ger nigh, Sub-mis-sive
 3. Let but my faint-ing heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir-it for its guest, My God, to

from my heart to say, Thy will be done.
 still would I re-ply, Thy will be done.
 Thee I leave the rest: Thy will be done.

4 Renew my will from day to day;
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 All now that makes it hard to say,
 Thy will be done!

5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 Thy will be done!

WHY SHOULD THE CHILDREN OF A KING.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Why should the chil-dren of a King Go mourn-ing all their days? Great Comfort-
 2. Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints, And seal the heirs of heaven? When wilt Thou

er! de - scend and bring Some to - kens of Thy grace.
ban - ish my eomplaiots, And show my sins' for - given.

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

Bishop J. KEBLE, 1837.

German. Arranged by W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen - tly steep, Be my last thought, how
3. A - bide with me from morn till - eve, For without thee I can - not live; A-bide with me when
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine Hath spurned to-day the voice di - vine, Now, Lord, the gracious

cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes.
sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav-iour's breast
night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

5.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

ANNA LETITIA WAKING, 1856.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Fa - ther! I know that all my life Is por - tioned out for me; The chang - es
 2. I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watching wise, To meet the
 3. I ask Thee for the dui - ly strength To none that ask de - nied, A mind to

that will sure - ly come I do not fear to see: I ask Thee for a pre - sent mind,
 glad with joy - ful smiles, To wipe the weeping eyes; A heart at leis - ure from it - self
 blend with out - ward life, While keeping at Thy side; Con - tent to fill a lit - tle space,

In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.
 To soothe and sym - pa - thize. A - men.
 If Thou be glo - ri - fied.

4.

And if some things I do not ask
 Among my blessings be,
 I'd have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to Thee;
 And careful less to serve Thee much
 Than please Thee perfectly. Amen.

JUST AS I AM.

47

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, London.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me, And

that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! A - men.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down);
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

C. WESLEY, 1746.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1868.

1. O Love di - vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will - ing heart
 2. God on - ly knows the love of God; Oh, that it now were shed a - broad
 3. Oh, that I could for ev - er sit With Ma - ry at the Mas - ter's feet!

All tak - en up by Thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 In this poor sto - ny heart; For love I sigh, for love I pine
 Be this my hap - py choice; My on - ly care, de - light, and bliss,

The great - ness of re - deem - ing love, — The love of Christ to me.
 This on - ly por - tion, Lord, be mine; Be mine this bet - ter part.
 My joy, my heav'n and earth be this To hear the Bride - groom's voice.

I LOVE THEE.

49

C. C. COX.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. I love Thee, O Thou God of mine, Be-cause Thou first hast lov - ed me ;

And all my lib - er - ty re - sign, That I may will - ing fol - low Thee.

2.

Nothing that memory can suggest,
But doth with Thy effulgence blend ;
The mind's extremest range, at best,
Thy greatness fails to comprehend.

3.

Nothing, O Lord, will I desire,
Not sanctioned by Thy holy will ;
All things are Thine that I acquire,
All I bestow, Thy bounty still.

4.

Take from me all Thy gifts reveal ;
Resume whatever pleaseth Thee ;
Direct me as Thou wilt, I feel
In every act Thou lovest me.

5.

Oh, grant me but Thy love divine,
My love for Thee will reign supreme ;
Grant this, and all things else are mine,
Without it life is but a dream.

THE GOD OF LOVE.

Rev. GEORGE HERBERT.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. The God of Love my Shepherd is, And He that doth me feed; While He is mine and
2. He leads me to the ten - der grass, Where I both feed and rest; Then to the streams that

I am His, What can I want or need!
geu - tly pass; In both I have the best.

3 Yea, in death's shady, black abode,
Well may I walk, nor fear;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

4 Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And, as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

SWEET IS THY MERCY, LORD.

J. B. S. MONSELL, 1865.

J. BARNBY, 1866.

1. Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord! Be - fore Thy mercy - sent My soul, adoring, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mercy sweet.
2. Where'er Thy name is blest, Where'er Thy people meet, There I de - light in Thee to rest, And find Thy mercy sweet.
3. Light Thou my weary way, Lead Thou my wand'ring feet, That while I stay on earth I may Still find Thy mercy sweet.
4. Thus shall the heavenly host Hear all my songs repeat, To Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Thy joy, Thy mercy sweet.

GOD, MY SALVATION.

51

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS, B.A.

1. God is my strong sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear? In dark - ness and temp -
 2. Place on the Lord re - li - ance; My soul with cou - rage wait; His truth be thine af -

ta - tion, My Light, my Help is near: Though hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm
 fi - ance When faint and des - o - late; His mighty thy heart shall strength - en, His

to the fight I stand; What ter - ror can con - found me With God at my right hand?
 love thy joy in - crease; Mer - cy thy days shall length - en; The Lord will give thee peace.

Rev. GEO. MOULTRIE, 1867.

J. BARNBY, 1869.

1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His

lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, His

His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. We come in the might of the Lord of Light, With ar - mor bright to
His Arm

meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the sons of the day may

greet Him, the sons of the day may greet Him. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the

cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His

Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, Our o'er us.

All verses except the last. Last verse only.

2d verse.

His Arm

2 Our Sword is the Spirit of God on High,
Our helmet His salvation ;
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword—the Incarnation.
We march, we march, &c.

3 We tread in the might of the Lord of Hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil:
For our Captain Himself guards well our coasts,
To defend His Church from evil.
We march, we march, &c.

4 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion ;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, &c.

5 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With his eye of love looking down from above,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, &c.

LAURENTI, 1690. Trans. by Miss JANE BORTHWICK.

H. SMART.

1. Re-joice, re-joyce, be-liev-ers! And let your lights ap-pear; The shades of eve are thiek'ning, And
 2. See that your lamps are burn-ing, Re-plen-ish them with oil; Look now for your sal-va-tion The
 3. O wise and ho-ly vir-gins, Now raise your voices higher, Till, in your ju-bi-la-tions, Ye

dark-er night is near; The Bridegroom is a-ris-ing, And soon He will draw nigh: Up!
 end of sin and toil. The watch-ers on the mount-ains Proclaim the Bridegroom near, Go,
 meet the an-gel-choir. The mar-riage-feast is wait-ing, The gates wide o-pen stand: Up,

pray, and watch, and wres-tle! At midnight comes the cry:
 meet Him, as He com-eth, With hal-le-lu-jahs clear.
 up, ye heirs of glo-ry! The Bridegroom is at hand.

- 4 Our Hope and Expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear!
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere!
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 And ever be with Thee.

LET OUR CHOIR NEW ANTHEMS RAISE.

53

Rev. JOHN M. NEALE, D.D.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

1. Let our choir new an - thems raise ; Wake the song of glad - ness ; God Him - self to
 2. Nev - er flinched they from the flame, From the tor - ture nev - er ; Vain the foe - man's
 3. Up and fol - low, Christian men ! Press thro' toil and sor - row ; Spurn the night of

joy and praise Turns the mar - tyr's sad - ness ; Bright the day that won their crown, Op - ened
 sharp - est aim, Sa - tan's best en - deav - or ; For by faith they saw the land Decked in
 fear, and then, Oh, the glo - rious mor - row ! Who will vent - ure on the strife ? Blest who

ritenuto.
 heaven's bright por - tal, As they laid the mor - tal down To put on th'im - mor - tal.
 all its glo - ry, Where tri - um - phant now they stand With the vic - tor's sto - ry.
 first be - gin it ; Who will grasp the Land of Life ? War - riors, up and win it ! A - men.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Rev. S. BARING GOULD, 1860.

Arr. from J. HAYDN, by Rev. J. B. DIKES.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
 2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - main;
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the tri - umph song;

Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe, Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope, and doc - trine, One in ehar - i - ty.
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
 Glo - ry, land, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King, This thro' count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE.

57

C. WESLEY, 1749.

E. G. MONK, 1867.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And gird your ar - mor on, Strong in the
 2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y power; Who in the

strength which God sup - plies Through His e - ter - nal Son.
 strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or. A - men.

3.

Stand then in His great might,
 With all His strength endued;
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God.

4.

That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 You may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
 And stand complete at last.

5.

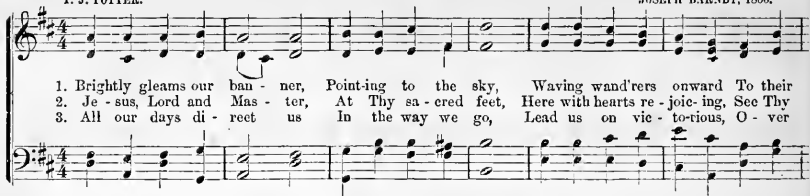
From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day.

6.

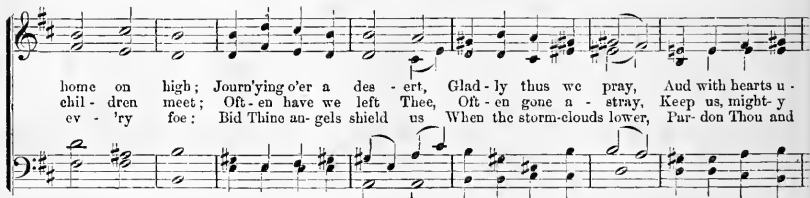
Still let the Spirit cry,
 In all his soldiers, "Come,"
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the conquerors home. Amen.

T. J. POTTER.

JOSEPH BARNDY, 1866.



1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts re - joic - ing, See Thy
 3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic - torious, O - ver



home on high; Journ'ing o'er a des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray, And with hearts u -
 chil - dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray, Keep us, might - y
 ev - 'ry foe: Bid Thine an - gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower, Pur - don Thou and



nit - ed, Take our heaven - ward way.... Brightly gleams our bau - ner, Point - ing to the sky,
 Saviour, In the nar - row way.... Brightly gleams, &c.
 save us In the last dread hour.... Brightly gleams, &c.

Wav - ing wand'ers on - ward To their home on high.

4 Then with Saints and Angels
 May we join above,
 Offering prayers and praises
 At Thy throne of love;
 When the toil is over
 Then comes rest and peace,
 Jesus in His beauty,
 Songs that never cease.
 Brightly gleams, &c.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1804.

Arr. by JOHN B. WILKES.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christian, on - ward go! Fight the fight, main-
 2. On - ward, Christian, on - ward go! Join the war, and face the foe; Will you flee in

tain the strife, Strengthened with the bread of life.
 dan - ger's hour? Know ye not your Cap - tain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
 March, in heavenly armor clad;
 Fight, nor think the battle long,
 Viet'ry soon shall tune your song.
 4 Onward, then, to battle move!
 More than conq'rors you shall prove;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go!

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1856.

1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God! My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Trans-port - ed with the
2. Ten thousand thousand pre-cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em - ploy; Nor is the least a

view, I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.
cheer-ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll proclaim,
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.

4 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

EVENING SACRIFICE.

Translated from the Latin by E. CASWALL.

H. S. IRONS.

1. The sun is sinking fast, The day - light dies; Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fee.
2. As Christ up-on the cross His Head in - clined, And to His Father's hands His part - ing Soul resigned—

3.

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live.

4.

Thus would I live : yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.


5.

One sacred Trinity !
One Lord Divine !
May I be ever His,
And He forever mine.


AWAKE, MY SOUL.

Attributed to Bishop Ken, 1700 ; also to ISAAC WATTS, 1674—1748.

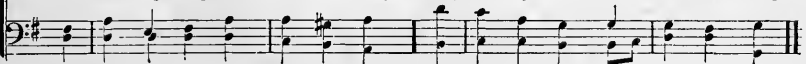
F. H. BARTHELEMON, died 1788.



1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run ;
2. Re - deem thy mis - spent mo - ments past, And live this day as if the last ;
3. Let all thy con - verse be sin - cere, Thy con - science as the noon - day clear ;
4. Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part,



Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
Thy tal - ents to im - prove take care ; For the great day thy - self pre - pare.
For God's all - see - ing eye sur - veys Thy se - cret thoughts, thy works and ways.
Who all night long un - wea - ried sing High glo - ry to the - ter - nal King !



C. WESLEY, * 1740.

German Choral by JOHANN ROSENMUELLER, 1655. Arr. by JOHN GOSS.

1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light, Sun of Right-eous -
 2. Dark and cheer - less is the morn, Un - ac - com - pa - nied by Thee; Joy - less is the

ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high, be near,
 day's re - turn, Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see; Till they in - ward light im - part,

Day - star in my heart ap - pear.
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3.

Visit, then, this soul of mine;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, Radiance divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief;
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day!

* *Erroneously sometimes attributed to* AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

THROUGH THE DAY THY LOVE HAS SPARED US. 63

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. Through the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest
 2. Pil - grims here on earth, and stran - gers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,

Through the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;
 Us and ours pre - serve from dun - gers, In Thine arms may we re - pose;

Je - sus, Thou our Guar - dian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
 Aud, when life's sad day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

1st verse by Bishop REGINALD HEBER. 2d verse by Bishop RICHARD WHATELY.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, London, England.

1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light; Who the day for toil hast
2. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing, And when we die May we in Thy might - y

giv - en, For rest the night; May Thine An - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy
keep - ing All peace - ful lie. When the last dread eall shall wake us, Do not Thou, our

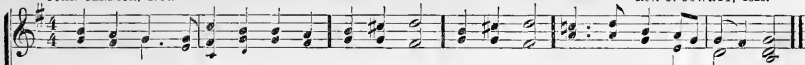
mer - cy send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.
God, for - sake us, But to reign in glo - ry take us, With Thee on high. A - men.

ERE I SLEEP, FOR EVERY FAVOR.

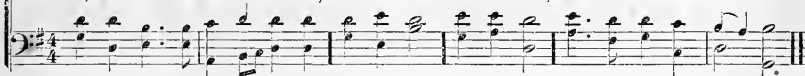
63

JOHN CENNICK, 1741.

Rev. J. JOWETT, 1823.



1. Ere I sleep, for ev-ery fa - vor This day shewed By my God, I will bless my Sav - iour.
 2. Leave me not, but ev - er love me; Let Thy peace Be my bliss, Till Thou hence re - move me.
 3. Thou my Roek, my Guard, my Tower, Safe-ly keep While I sleep, Me with all Thy pow - er.
 4. So, when'er in death I slum-ber, Let me rise With the wise, Count-ed in their num - ber.



NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Rev. S. BARING GOULD.

J. BARNBY, 1868.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the eve-ning Steal across the sky.
 2. Je- sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re- pose, With Thy tend'rest blessing May our eyelids close.



3.

Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee,
 Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep blue sea

4.

Through the long night-watches
 May Thine Angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

5.

When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy Holy Eyes.

St. ANATOLIUS, A. D. 450.—Trans. by Rev. J. MASON NEALE.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.

1. The day is past and o - ver; We lift our hearts to Thee, And pray Thee now that sin - less
Thee, And pray.....

be: O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight,
The hours of night may be: O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, And save us thro' the com - ing night.

- 2 The joys of day are over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
We ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.
- 3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to Thee,
And ask, that free from danger

- The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.
- 4 Be Thou our souls' Defender,
Good Lord, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go:
Thou, ever wakeful, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

LORD OF MY LIFE, WHOSE TENDER CARE. 67

Sir ROUNDELL PALMER'S "Book of Praise," 1858.

E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.

1. Lord of my life, whose ten - der care Hath led me on till now, Here low - ly
 2. Oh, may I dai - ly, hour - ly, strive In heavenly grace to grow; To Thee and

at the hour of pray'er Be - fore Thy throne I bow; I bless Thy gra - cious hand, and pray
 to Thy glo - ry live, Dead else to all be - low; Tread in the path my Sav - iour trod,

For - give - ness for an - oth - er day.
 Though thorn - y, yet the path of God. *A - men.*

3.

With prayer my humble praise I bring,
 For mercies day by day:
 Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
 Lord, teach me how to pray!
 All that I have, I am, to Thee
 I offer through Eternity! Amen.

1. Oft - en at eve - ning comes a glow - ing thought Of that which lies be - yond our pres - ent sense ;

Of those high scenes whose glo - ries all are wrought By God's pure love and His om - nip - o - tence.

2.

The golden bars that shine behind the sun,
The glorious seas that seem beneath him poured,
The splendid hues, all melting into one,—
These look thy outworks, palace of the Lord!

3.

Yet not, not here, O city of our God!
Do we thy ageless glories truly see,
As when the souls, submissive 'neath the rod,
Or white in pureness, testify of thee!

4.

A holy charity still tells us more,
Of thy real beauty, bright, serene and high,
Where love and faith walk on the emblazoned floor,
And perfect joy doth sing unceasingly.

5.

O Son of God! exalted on Thy throne,
By whom our pardon, light, and peace are given,
Impart the grace that comes from Thee alone,
And make us feel, that we may see Thy heaven.

WHEN SHADES OF NIGHT.

69

J. BARNBY, 1865.

1. When shades of night a - round us close, And wea - ry limbs in sleep re - pose, The

faith - ful soul a - wake may be, And long - ing, sigh, O Lord, to Thee. A - men.

2.

Thou true Desire of nations, hear ;
Thou Word of God, Thou Saviour dear ;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3.

O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery ;

The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

DOXOLOGY.

All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent doth Thy people free ;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

70 SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820.

S. S. WESLEY, 1864.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;

Sin and woe we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2.

Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow near us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watcheth where Thy people be.

4.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

DOXOLOGY.

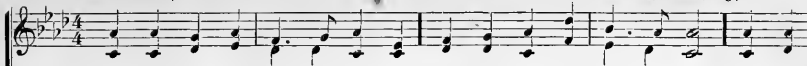
Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

IN THY NAME ASSEMBLING.

71

THOMAS KELLY, 1815.

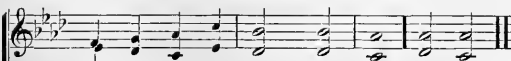
EDW. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng., 1863.



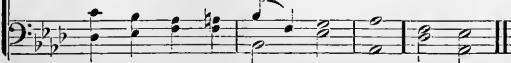
1. In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near: Teach us
2. While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord, to Thee; Cheered by



to re - jice with trem - bling: Speak, and let Thy serv - ants hear; Hear with meek - ness—
hope, and dai - ly strengthened, May we run, nor wea - ry be, Till Thy glo - ry



Hear Thy word with god - ly fear.
With - out cloud in heaven we see. *A - men.*

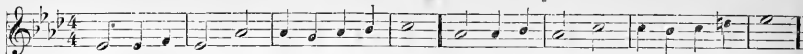


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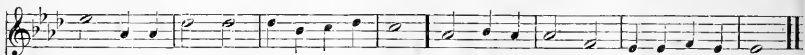
3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure forevermore. *Amen.*

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON.

E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.



1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ae-cord our part-ing hymn of praise;
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day;



We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy Name.



SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME. Concluded. 73

3.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turu Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and dauger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

CLOSING HYMN. (Sicily.)

Old Latin Hymn, "O Sanctissima."

Arranged by JAMES TURLE.

O most mer-ci - ful! O most boun-ti - ful! God the Fa - ther Al - might - y!

By the Re - deem - er's Sweet in - ter - ces - sion, Hear us, help us, when we cry!

MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Ho - ly Spir - it's

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily composed of chords and simple eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are: "May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Ho - ly Spir - it's".

fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove! Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove! Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er".

and the Lord, And pos - sess, in sweet eom-mun-ion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford.

The third system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are: "and the Lord, And pos - sess, in sweet eom-mun-ion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford." The piece ends with a double bar line.

WHEN SHALL THE VOICE OF SINGING.

75

PRATT'S Collection.

Rev. J. S. SIDEBOTHAM, New College, Oxford.

1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val - ey,
 2. Then from the crag - gy mout - ains The sa - cred shout shall fly, And sha - dy vales and

ring - ing With one tri - umph - ant song, Pro - claim the con - test end - ed, And Him who
 fount - ains Shall ech - o the re - ply: High tower and low - ly dwell - ing Shall send the

once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, In right - eous - ness to reign.
 cho - rus round, All Hal - le - lu - jahs swell - ing In one e - ter - nal sound.

Bishop ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1840.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. Sav - iour, sprin - kle man - y na - tions; Fruit - ful let Thy sor - rows be;
 2. Far and wide, though all un - know - ing, Pants for Thee each mor - tal breast:
 3. Sav - iour, lo! the isles are wait - ing, Stretch'd the hand, and strain'd the sight,

By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions Draw the gen - tiles un - to Thee;
 Hu - man tears for Thee are flow - ing, Hu - man hearts in Thee would rest;
 For Thy Spi - rit new ere - a - ting Love's pure flame and wis - dom's light:

Of Thy cross the won - drous sto - ry, Be it to the na - tions told;...
 Thirst - ing, as for dews of e - ven, As the new - mown grass for rain, ...
 Give the word, and of the preach - er Speed the foot, and touch the tongue, ..

Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry, And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold.
 Thee they seek, the God of heav - en, Thee, as Man, for sin - ners slain.
 Till ou earth by ev - 'ry crea - ture Glo - ry to the Lamb be sung. *A - men.*

THY KINGDOM COME.

Rev. LEWIS HENSLEY.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1.
 Thy kingdom come, O God,
 Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
 Break with Thine iron rod
 The tyrannies of sin.

2.
 Where is Thy reign of peace,
 And purity, and love?
 When shall all hatred cease,
 As in the realms above?

3.
 When comes the promised time
 That war shall be no more,
 Oppression, lust and crime
 Shall flee Thy face before?

4.
 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
 And come in Thy great might;
 Revive our longing eyes,
 Which languish for Thy sight.

5.
 Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
 And wolves devour thy fold;
 By many deeds of shame
 We learn that love grows cold.

6.
 O'er heathen lands afar
 Thick darkness broodeth yet;
 Arise, O morning Star,
 Arise, and never set.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

F. WEBER, Organist of the German Chapel Royal, St. James Palace.

1. } Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee— Loud as might-y thun - ders roar, } Hal - Je - lu - jah! }
 Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore: }
 2. } Hal - le - lu - jah! hark, the sound From earth's een - ter to the skies } See Je - ho - vah's }
 Wakes a - bove, be - neath, a - round, All ere - a - tion's har - mo - nies! }

for the Lord God Om - nip - o - tent doth reign; Hal - Je - lu - jah! let the word
 ban - ner, furled, Sheathed his sword, He speaks, 'tis done, And the king - doms of this world

Ech - o round the earth and main.
 Are the King - dom of His Son. *A - men.*

3.

He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away.
 Then the end: beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall:
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all! Amen.

LO! HE COMES, IN CLOUDS DESCENDING.

79

Chiefly by CHAS. WESLEY, 1758.

A Melody of the last Century, arranged by E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.

1. { Lo! He comes in clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fav - ored sin - ners slain; }
 { Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of His train; }
 2. { Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold Him Robed in dread - ful mny - es - ty: }
 { They who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree, }

Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hal - - le - lu - jah! Christ ap - -
 Deep - ly wail - ing, Deep - ly wail - ing, Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the - -

pears our earth a - gain.
 true Mes - si - ah sec. A - men.

3.
 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal Throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
 O come quickly!
 Hallelujah! Amen.

From the Latin, collected by Rev. J. MASON NEALE, M.A.

Arranged by Rev. T. HELMORE, M.A.

1. Good King Wen-ees - las look'd out, On the Feast of Ste - phen; When the snow lay round a - bout,
 2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing, Yon - der peasant, who is he?
 3. "Bring me flesh, and briog me wine, Bring me piue-logs hith - er: Thou and I will see him die,

Deep, and crisp, and e - ven; Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was eru - el,*
 Where and what his dwell-ing?" "Sire, he lives a god league hence, Un - der - nenth the mount - ain;
 When we bear them thith - er." Page and mon-areh forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er:

When a poor man came in sight, Gath-ring win - ter fu - - el.
 Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' fount - ain."
 Through the rude winds wild la - ment Aud the bit - ter wea - ther.

4.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows strouger;
 Fails my heart I know not how;
 I can go no longer."
 "Mark my footsteps, good my page;
 Tread thou in them boldly:
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly."

GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE.

81

From the Latin, collected by Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A.

Arranged by Rev. T. HELMORE, M.A.

1. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice.... With heart, and soul, and voice; .. Give ye heed to
 2. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice.... With heart, and soul, and voice; .. Now ye hear of
 3. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice.... With heart, and soul, and voice; .. Now ye need not

what we say: News! News! Je - sus Christ is born to - day: Ox and ass be - fore him bow, And
 end - less bliss: Joy! Joy! Je - sus Christ was born for this! He hath oped the heav'n - ly door, And
 fear the grave: Peace! Peace! Je - sus Christ was born to save! Calls you one, and calls you all, To

rallentando.

He is in the man - ger now, Christ is born to - day! Christ is born to - day
 man is blessed for ev - er - more, Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!
 gain His ev - er - last - ing hall: Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

From the Latin, collected by Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A.

Arranged by Rev. T. HELMORE, M.A.

Earth-ly friends will change and fal-ter, Earth-ly hearts will va - ry; He is born that can - not

The first system of music is in 4/4 time. The treble clef staff contains the melody, and the bass clef staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Earth-ly friends will change and fal-ter, Earth-ly hearts will va - ry; He is born that can - not".

al - ter, Of the Vir - gin Ma - ry. Born to - day—Raise the lay; Born to - day—Twine the bay:

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "al - ter, Of the Vir - gin Ma - ry. Born to - day—Raise the lay; Born to - day—Twine the bay:". There is a fermata over the word "day" in the second measure.

Je - sus Christ is born to suf - fer, Born for you: Born for you—Hol - ly strew: Je - sus Christ was

The third system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "Je - sus Christ is born to suf - fer, Born for you: Born for you—Hol - ly strew: Je - sus Christ was".

born to con-quer, Born to save: Born to save,—Lau-rel wave: Je-sus Christ was born to

gov-ern, Born a King: Born a King:—Bay-wreaths bring: Je-sus Christ was born of Ma-ry,

ral - ten - tan - do.

Born for all! Well be-fall Hearth and Hall! Je-sus Christ was born at Christmas, Born for all

From the Latin, collected by Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A.

Arranged by Rev. T. HELMORE, M.A.

Christ was born on Christmas Day; Wreath the holly, twine the bay; *Christus natus hodie*: The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of

Ma - ry. He is born to set us free, He is born our Lord to be, *Ex Ma - ri - à Vir - gi - ne*: The God, the Lord, By all a -

dor'd for ev - er. Let the bright red berries glow Ev'rywhere in goodly show; *Christus natus ho - di - e*: The Babe, the Son, The

Ho - ly One of Ma - ry. Christian men, rejoice and sing; 'Tis the birthday of a King, *Ex Ma - ri - à Vir - gi - ne*: The

God, the Lord, By all a-dor'd for ev - er. Night of sadness, Morn of gladness Evermore: Ev - er, Ev - er: Aft - er man - y

troubles sore, Morn of gladness, ev - ermore and ev - ermore. Midnight scarcely pass'd and over, Drawing to this ho - ly morn,

Ver - y ear - ly, ver - y early Christ was born. Sing out with bliss, His Name is this: *Emmanuel*; As was foretold In days of old By

Ga - hri - el. Midnight scarcely pass'd and over, Drawing to this ho - ly morn, Ver - y ear - ly, ver - y ear - ly Christ was born.

Rev. ED. CASWALL.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. See! a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low ; See! the ten - der Lamb ap - pears,
 2. Lo! with - in a man - ger lies He who built the star - ry skies : He who, thron'd in height sub - lime,
 3. " Say, ye ho - ly shep - herds, say, What your joy - ful news to - day ? Wherefore have ye left your sheep
 4. " As we watched at dead of night, Lo! we saw a won - drous light ; An - gels singing, ' Peace on earth,

Chorus.

Promised from e - ter - nal years ! Hail ! thou ev - er bless - ed morn ! Hail ! Re - demp - tion's hap - py dawn !
 Sits a - mid the cher - u - bim, Hail ! &c.
 On the lone - ly mountain steep ? " Hail ! &c.
 Told us of the Saviour's birth, " Hail ! &c.

Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem ! A - men.

5 Sacred Inf - ant ! all - di - vine !
 What a ten - der love was Thine !
 Thus to come from highest bliss
 Down to such a world as this ! — Cho.

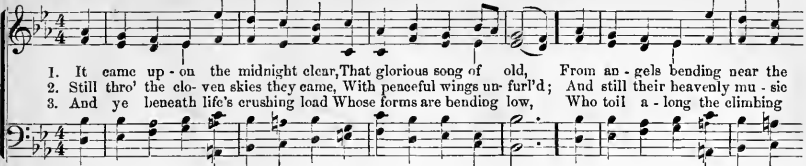
6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child !
 By Thy heart so meek and mild ;
 Teach us to re - sem - ble Thee
 In Thy sweet hu - mil - i - ty. — Cho.

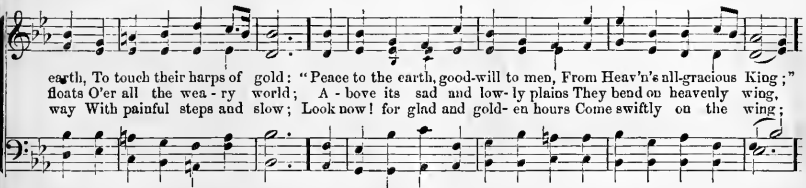
THE ANGELS' SONG.

87

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1850.

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN by E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.

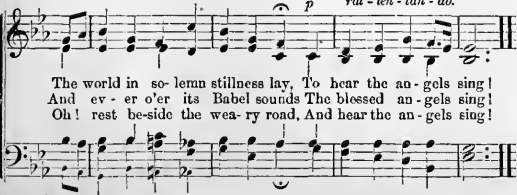
- 
1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an - gels bending near the
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they came, With peaceful wings un - fur'l'd; And still their heavenly mu - sic
 3. And ye beneath life's crushing load Whose forms are bending low, Who toil a - long the climbing



earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King;"
 floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heavenly wing,
 way With painful steps and slow; Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swiftly on the wing;

p ral - len - tan - do.

4.



The world in so - lemn stillness lay, To hear the an - gels sing!
 And ev - er o'er its Babel sounds The blessed an - gels sing!
 Oh! rest be-side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!

For lo! the days are hast'ning on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold;
 When pence shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling,
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1811.

E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid!

2.

Gold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would His favor secure:
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

HOLY NIGHT! PEACEFUL NIGHT!

89

Moderately slow.

J. BARNBY, 1868.

1. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a night; Ho - ly night! peaceful

night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light, Thro' the dark-ness beams a light; Yonder, where they sweet

rallentando.
vig-ils keep O'er the Babe, who in si-lent sleep, Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

3 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lead thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus, the Saviour, is here!

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star! O lead thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

90 WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS.

NAHUM TATE, 1703.

From "Cantica Sacra," by special permission.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel
 2. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day, Is born, of Da - vid's line, The Sav - iour,
 3. Thus spake the ser - aph; and forthwith Ap - peared a shin - ing thron'g Of an - gels,

of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
 who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign: The heavenly babe you there shall find,
 praising God, and thus Addressed their joy - ful song: "All glo - ry be to God on high,

Had seized their troubled mind; "Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind.
 To hu - man view dis - played, All mean - ly wrapped in swaddling bands, And in a man - ger laid."
 And to the earth be peace; Good will henceforth from Heaven to men Be - gin and nev - er cease.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

91

Words and Music by Rev. JOHN H. HOPKINS, Jr. By special permission.

1. Gath - er a - round the Christmas - tree! Gath - er a - round the Christ - mas - tree! Ev - er - green Have its
 2. Gath - er a - round the Christmas - tree! Gath - er a - round the Christ - mas - tree! Once the pride Of the
 3. Gath - er a - round the Christmas - tree! Gath - er a - round the Christ - mas - tree! Ev - 'ry bough Bears a

branch - es been, It is king of all the wood - land scene: For Christ, our King, is born to - day,
 moun - tain side, Now cut down to grace our Christ - mas - tide: For Christ from heav'n to earth came down,
 bur - den now, They are gifts of love for us, we trow: For Christ is born, His love to show,

Chorus.

His reign shall nev - er pass a - way. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!
 To gain, thro' death, a no - bler crown. Ho - san - na, &c.
 And give good gifts to men be - low. Ho - sau na, &c.

Rev. ANGELO A. BENSON. Translated 1862.

J. G. EBLING, 1620-1672.

1. All my heart this night re - joy - ces, As I hear, Far and near, Sweetest au - gel voi - ces;
2. Hark! a voice from you - der man - ger, Soft and sweet, Doth en - treat, "Flee from woe and dan - ger;

"Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing, Till the air Ev - 'ry-where Now with joy is ring - ing.
Breth - ren, come; from all doth grieve you You are freed; All you need I will sure - ly give you."

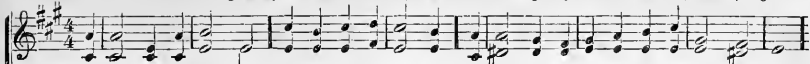
- 3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!
- 4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found of gladness.

- Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.
- 5 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish—
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

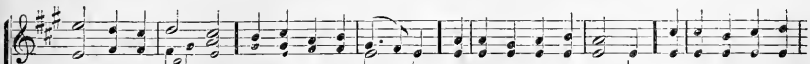
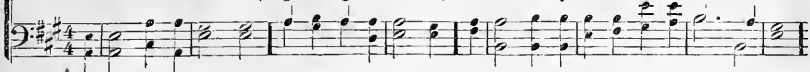
ADESTE FIDELES.* O come, all ye faithful.

93

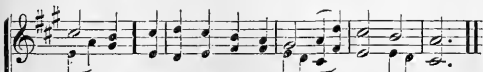
Portuguese Hymn. JOHN READING, 1630 or 1692. Arranged by EDW. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.



1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful - ly tri - umphant, To Beth - le - hem hasten now with glad ac - cord;
2. Tho' true God of true God, Light of Light e - ter - nal, Our low - - ly na - ture He hath not ab - horr'd;



Lo! in a man - ger Sits the King of an - gels; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -
Son of the Fa - ther, Not made, but be - got - ten: O come, &c.



dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.



3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels!
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches be your praises
Now to our God be [pour'd;
Glory in the highest; O come, &c.

4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus! forever be Thy Name ador'd;
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing: O come, &c.

* The "Adeste Fideles" was arranged for the Portuguese Chapel in South Street, Grosvenor Square, London; hence the name "Portuguese Hymn."

C. WESLEY, 1744.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and
 2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the Ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -
 3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteous - ness! Light and Life to

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,
 hold Him come, Off - spring of a Vir - gin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God - head see;
 all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,

Join the tri - umph of the skies; With the an - gel - host pro - claim, Christ is born in
 Hail! th'In - car - nate De - i - ty! Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em -
 Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth - le - hem! Hark! the her - ald - au - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King!
 man - u - el. Hark! etc.
 sec - ond birth. Hark! etc.

Org.

LORD JESUS, GOD AND MAN.

Sir HENRY W. BAKER, Bt., 1860.

SAMUEL S. WESLEY.

1. Lord Je - sus, God and Man, For love of men a Child, The Ve - ry God, yet
 2. Lord Je - sus, God and Man, In this our fes - tal day To Thee for pre - cious
 3. We pray for child-like hearts, For gen - tle ho - ly love, For strength to do Thy

born on earth Of Ma - ry un - de - filed.
 gifts of grace Thy ran - somed peo - ple pray.
 will be - low As an - gels do a - bove.

4 We pray for simple faith,
 For hope that never faints,
 For true communion evermore
 With all Thy blessed Saints.

5 On friends around us here
 O let Thy blessing fall;
 We pray for grace to love them well,
 But Thee beyond them all.

J. BYROM.

JOHN WAINWRIGHT, died 1768.

1. Christians, a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn Where - on the Sav - iour of man - kind was born;
2. Theu to the watch - ful shepherds it was told, Who heard th' angel - ic herald's voice: "Be - hold,

Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - y of love, Which hosts of au - gels chant - ed from a - bove;
I bring good ti - dings of a Saviour's birth To you and all the na - tions up - on earth:

With them the joy - ful tid - ings first be - gun, Of God In - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son.
This day hath God ful - filled His promised word, This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

3 Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
 God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
 Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
 From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
 Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

4 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
 To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng;
 He that was born upon this joyful day
 Around us all His glory shall display;
 Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
 Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

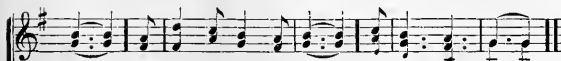
THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND.

Christmas Carol, sung by the PIFFERARI* at Rome.

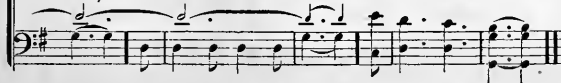
From "Cantica Sacra," by special permission.



1. The snow lay on the ground, The stars shone bright When Christ our Lord was born, On Christ-mas
 2. 'Twas Ma - ry, daughter pure Of ho - ly An - no, That bro't in - to this world Our God made
 3. She laid Him in a stall At Beth - le - hem; The ass and ox - en shared The roof with



night; When Christ our Lord was born, On Christ - mas night.
 man; That bro't in - to this world Our God made man.
 them; The ass and ox - en shared The roof with them.



4 And thus, that manger poor
 Became a throne;

∴ For He, whom Mary bore,
 Was God the Son. ∴]

5 O come then, let us join
 The heavenly host,

∴ To praise the Father, Son,
 And Holy Gbost. ∴]

* The PIFFERARI are shepherds of the Abruzzi mountains, who visit Rome at Christmas-time, singing Carols and playing a kind of hautboy, whence their name.

Rev. J. S. B. HODGES, by special permission.

1. Clear up - on the night air sound - ing, Sweet - ly echo - ing o'er the plain, Fell the an - gel - voice, an - non - ce - ing,
 2. Proph - ets told the won - drous sto - ry Of the fu - ture King and Lord; Who from up - per realms of glo - ry
 3. We who know the lov - ing Sav - iour, Who have found the last - ing peace; Who have heard His voice ce - les - tial.

cres. *f*

"Christ is born in Beth - le - hem." Clear - er, sweet - er, swelled the Cho - rus, From the an - gel - host a - round, "Glo - ry,
 Should de - scend our Light and Word. But they knew not all His bright - ness, Nor the full - ness of His grace, - Could not
 Bid - ding all our sor - rows cease; We can raise the song of tri - umph, With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim: "Glo - ry,

p *mf*

glo - ry in the high - est, And on earth good - will a - bound." As the au - gels sang we sing, Glo - ry to the
 join the heavenly cho - rus, Nor the song of tri - umph raise. As the an - gels sang we sing, Glo - ry to our
 glo - ry, in the high - est! Christ is born in Beth - le - hem." And as au - gels sang we sing, Glo - ry to our

cres. *ff*

new - born King, And our song we'll nev - er cease, Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace! Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace!
 God and King. And our song, &c.
 God and King. And our song, &c.

THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

99

Words and Music by Rev. JOHN H. HOPKINS, Jr. By special permission.

1. At Beth-le-hem, in win-t'ry cold, The faithful shepherds guard their fold: The crowded town is sunk in sleep, While
2. When, lo! an An-gel from on high Came sail-ing down the star-ry sky; A glo-ry all a-round him shined, And

midnight vigil still they keep. And rocks and hills are ringing, While they, to shield their sheep from harm, And keep themselves a-
left a track of light behind. His way thus swiftly wing-ing, From far he smiles with radiat joy, That shepherds thus their

CHORUS.

wake and warm, Are cheer-ly, loud-ly sing-ing,—“Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord!”
voice employ, All night in sweetly sing-ing,—“Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord!”

3 “Fear not,” said he,—for at the sight
The simple shepherds start with fright,—
“Fear not, for unto you, this morn,
In David’s town a Babe is born:
’Tis Christ, your Lord and Saviour,
Whose reign, when He is crowned King,
Shall make both men and angels sing,
For ever and for ever,—
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise the Lord!”

4 While yet he spake, in robes of flame
A flying cloud of angels came;
Upon the midnight air loud rang
Their golden harps, while thus they sang:
“To God on high be glory:
And peace on earth, good-will to men!”
Angels and shepherds joining then,
Thus hail the wondrous story,—
“Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise the Lord!”

5 And every Christmas-tide, that song
More numerous sounds, and yet more
From age to age, from pole to pole [strong;
It rolls along, and yet shall roll:
Till, crowned with splendor glorious,
That Babe shall come again, a King,
And saints and angels all shall sing,
In endless, boundless chorus,—
“Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise the Lord!”

J. MONTGOMERY, 1822.

R. REDHEAD, 1856.

1. Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see;

Watch with Him one bit - ter hour: Turn not from His griefs a - way; Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—

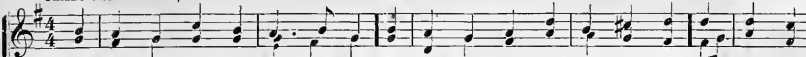
- God's own sacrifice complete.
It is finished! hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen;—He seeks the skies.
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

THE ATONING BLOOD.

101

JAMES GEORGE DECK, 1837.

WILLIAM H. MONK.



1. When first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame, To Je - sus' cross I trem - bling came, Burdened with
 2. My sin is gone, my fears are o'er, I shun His pres - ence now no more; He sits up -
 3. By faith that voice I al - so hear, It an - swers doubt, it stills each fear: Th'ac - cus - er



guilt and full of fear, Yet drawn by love, I vent - ured near; Par - don I found and
 on the throne of grace, He bids me bold - ly seek His face; Sprinkled up - on the
 seeks in vain to move The wrath of Him whose name is Love; Each charge a - gainst the



peace with God, In Je - sus' rich a - ton - - ing blood.
 Throne of God, I see that rich a - ton - - ing blood.
 sours of God Is si - lenced by th'a - ton - - ing blood.



4.

Here I can rest without a fear; *
 By this, to God I now draw near;
 By this, I triumph over sin,
 For this has made and keeps me clean;
 And when I reach the Throne of God
 I'll praise that rich atoning blood.

HEAR US, WE BESEECH THEE!

Sir HENRY WILLIAM BAKER, Bart., 1861.

Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc., 1868.

Fine.



{ God the Fa-ther, from Thy throne, Hear us, we be-seech Thee! }
 { God the co-e-ter-nal Son, Hear us, we be-seech Thee! } God the Spir-it, might-y Lord,
 d. c. Three in One, by all a-dored, Hear us, we be-seech Thee!

D. C.


Hear us, we be-seech Thee! Je-sus! Je-sus! 1. { By Thy wondrous In-car-nation, }
 { By Thy Birth for our sal-va-tion, } We be-



-seech Thee, we be-seech Thee! From ev-'ry ill de-fend us, Thy grace and mercy send us. A-men.

- 2 By Thy fasting and temptation,
By Thy nights of supplication,
We beseech Thee, &c.
- 3 By Thy works of sweet compassion,
By Thy Cross and bitter Passion,
We beseech Thee, &c.
- 4 By Thy Blood, for sinners flowing,
By Thy Death, true life bestowing,
We beseech Thee, &c.

- 5 By Thy glorious Resurrection,
Earnest of our own perfection,
We beseech Thee, &c.
- 6 To the Father's throne ascended,
All Thy pain and sorrows ended,
We beseech Thee, &c.
- 7 Advocate for sinners pleading,
With the Father interceding,
We beseech Thee, &c.

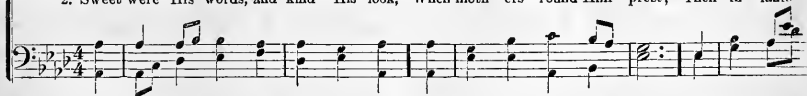
WHEN JESUS LEFT HIS FATHER'S THRONE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN. By permission.



1. When Je - sus left His Fa - ther's throne, He chose an hum - ble birth; Like us, un-
2. Sweet were His words, and kind His look, When moth - ers round Him prest; Their in - fants



hon - ored and un - known, He came to dwell on earth.
in His arms He took, And on His bo - som blest.

- 3 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,—
Then in the circle of His arms
May we forever lie!



- 4 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

JONATHAN EVANS, 1787.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; See! it
2. "It is fin - ished!" oh, what pleas - ure Do these charm - ing words af - ford! Heavenly

Last verse ff.

rends the rocks a - sun - der—Shakes the earth and vaults the sky: "It is fin - ish - ed!"
bless - ings with - out measure, Flow to us through Christ the Lord: "It is fin - ish - ed!"

pp

Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry.
Saints! the dy - ing words re - cord. A - men.

3.
Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Amen.

HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE.

103

C. WESLEY, 1739.

WM. H. MONK.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! To His throne above the skies; Hal - le - lu - jah!

Christ, the Lamb for sinners given, Hal - le - lu - jah! En-ters now the highest heaven. Hal - le - lu - jah!

2.

There for Him high triumph waits; Hallelujah!
Lift your heads, eternal gates! Hallelujah!
He hath conquered death and sin, Hallelujah!
Take the King of Glory in. Hallelujah!

3.

Lo, the heaven its Lord receives! Hallelujah!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Hallelujah!
Though returning to His throne, Hallelujah!
Still He calls mankind His own. Hallelujah!

4.

Still for us He intercedes, Hallelujah!
His prevailing death He pleads; Hallelujah!
Near Himself prepares our place, Hallelujah!
He, the first-fruits of our race. Hallelujah!

5.

Lord, though parted from our sight Hallelujah!
Far above the starry height, Hallelujah!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Hallelujah!
Seeking Thee above the skies. Hallelujah!

HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE.

C. WESLEY, 1739.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission, and rearranged for this work.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Rav-ished from our
 2. There the glo - rious tri - umph waits, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, "Lift your heads, e -

wish - ful eyes, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men; Christ a - while to mor - tals giv - en,
 ter - nal gates, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men; Wide un - fold the ra - di - ant secue,

Hal - le - - lu - jah! A - men, Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven, Halle - lu - jah! A - men.
 Hal - le - - lu - jah! A - men, Take the King of glo - ry iu." Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

- 3 Him though highest Heaven receives, Hallelujah! Amen;
Still He loves the earth He leaves, Hallelujah! Amen;
Though returning to His Throue, Hallelujah! Amen;
Still He calls mankind His own, Hallelujah! Amen.
- 4 Still for them He intercedes, Hallelujah! Amen,
His prevailing death He pleads, Hallelujah! Amen:
Near Himself prepares their place, Hallelujah! Amen,
Saviour of the human race, Hallelujah! Amen.
- 5 Ever upward let us move, Hallelujah! Amen,
Wafted on the wings of love, Hallelujah! Amen;
Looking when our Lord shall come, Hallelujah! Amen;
Longing, panting after home, Hallelujah! Amen.
- 6 There shall we with Thee remain, Hallelujah! Amen,
Partners of Thy endless reign, Hallelujah! Amen;
There Thy face unclouded see, Hallelujah! Amen,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee, Hallelujah! Amen.

COME, SEE THE PLACE.

THOMAS KELLY, 1820.

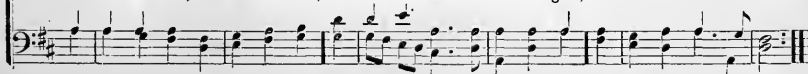
Dr. W. HAYES, ed. 1779.



1. Come, see the place where Je - sus lay, And hear an - gel - ic watchers say, "He lives, who once was slain:
2. O joy - ful sound! O glo - rious hour, When by His own Almight - y power He rose, and left the grave!
3. The First - be - got - ten of the dead, For us He rose, our glorious Head, Im - mor - tal life to bring;
4. No more they trem - ble at the grave, For Je - sus will their spirits save, And raise their slumbering dust:



Why seek the liv - ing 'midst the dead? Re - mem - ber how the Saviour said That He would rise a - gain."
Now let our songs His triumph tell, Who burst the bands of death and hell, And ev - er lives to save.
What tho' the saints like Him shall die, They share their Leader's victo - ry, And triumph with their King.
O ris - en Lord, in Thee we live, To Thee our ransomed souls we give, To Thee our bod - ies trust.



CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN AGAIN.

EASTER HYMN OF THE BOHEMIAN CHURCH, 1531.

Trans. by Miss CATHARINE WINCKWORTH, 1858.

HENRY CAREY. "Lyra Davidica," 1708.

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ hath brok - en

ev - 'ry chain; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hark, an - gel - ic voi - ces cry,

Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah!

2 He who bore all pain and loss, Hallelujah!
 Comfortless upon the cross, Hallelujah!
 Lives in glory now on high, Hallelujah!
 Pleads for us and hears our cry: Hallelujah!

3 He who slumber'd in the grave, Hallelujah!
 Is exalted now to save; Hallelujah!
 Now through Christendom it rings, Hallelujah!
 That the Lamb is King of kings: Hallelujah!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad, Hallelujah!
 How the lost may be restored, Hallelujah!
 How the penitent forgiven, Hallelujah!
 How we too may enter heaven: Hallelujah!

5 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed, Hallelujah!
 Christ, Thy ransomed people feed! Hallelujah!
 Take our sins and guilt away, Hallelujah!
 That we all may sing for aye, Hallelujah!

RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, 1822.

Rev. J. B. DYKES,

1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na ery; O Saviour meek, pur -
 2. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! In low - ly pomp, ride on to die: O Christ, Thy triumphs

sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd,
 now he - gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quer'd sin.

- 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The angel armies of the sky
 Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
 To see th' approaching Sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
 The Father on His sapphire Throne
 Awaits His own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
 Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
 Then take, O God, Thy pow'r, and reign.

[This hymn, written towards the close of the sixth century, by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, was in use throughout Europe as a Processional Hymn for Easter-day, and universally popular in the Middle Ages. So great a favorite did it become, that parodies of it were written for all the great festivals. Jerome of Prague sang it at the stake while dying. In 1544 Cranmer translated it into English, and sent it to Henry VIII., with a view to its being issued by royal authority, together with other Processional Hymns and Litanies. His translation is now lost, but his letter, recommending the use of the hymn, is still preserved among the State Papers.]

JOHN ELLERTON, 1863. Transl. from FORTUNATUS.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Welcome, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquished, heav'n is won to-day!

Lo, the Dead is liv-ing, God for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore.

poco rit.

ff
Svas...

REFRAIN, IN UNISON.

Welcome, happy morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

The musical score is written for three staves: Treble Clef (Vocal), Treble Clef (Piano), and Bass Clef (Organ). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The piece is marked 'rall.' at the beginning and end. The lyrics are: 'Lo, the Dead is liv - ing, God for ev - er - more! Him, their true Crea - tor, all His works a - dore. A - men.'

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King.
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
REF.—Welcome, happy morning, &c.

3 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from Heav'n beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead, True and Only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
REF.—Welcome, happy morning, &c.

4 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
'Tis Thine own Third Morning, rise, my buried Lord!
REF.—Welcome, happy morning, &c.

5 Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Shew Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee!
REF.—Welcome, happy morning, &c.

* After those verses which require the full organ for accompaniment, the Refrain may be taken piano to the end of the third line.

THE STRIFE IS O'ER.

Rev. FRANCIS POTT, tr. 1861.

C. A. MACRONE, 1867.

The musical score is written for two staves: Treble Clef (Vocal) and Bass Clef (Organ). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: '1. The strife is o'er, the battle done; The triumph of the Lord is won; Oh, let the song of praise be sung. Halle - lu - jah!'

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Hallelujah!

3 On that third morn He rose again,
In glorious majesty to reign;
Oh, let us swell the joyful strain.
Hallelujah!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell.
Hallelujah!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee.
Hallelujah!

O DAY OF REST.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1863.

Dr. STAINER.

The first system of music is written in a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee the high and low - ly, Bend -

The third system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "ing be - fore the throne, Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the Great Three in One." The piece ends with a double bar line.

2 On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth ;
On thee, for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A three-fold light is given.

3 O day of sweet reflection,
Thou art a day of love ;
O day of resurrection,
From earth to things above,
When Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest ;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

WITH JOY WE HAIL.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

JAMES TURLE, Organist of Westminster Abbey, 1852.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God hath called His own ; With joy the
2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair ! Where wil - ling vot - 'ries throng To breathe the

sum - mons we o - bey To wor - ship at His throne,
hum - ble, fer - vent prayer, And pour the cho - ral song .

3 Let peace within her walls be found ;
Let all her souls unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

4 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which Thou hast called Thine own ;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

ASCENSION HYMN.

Words and Music by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1872. From Havergal's Psalmody.

1. Gold - en harps are sounding, An - gel voi - ces ring, Pearly gates are op - ened, Op - ened for the King.
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with gladness At His Fa - ther's side.
 3. Pray - ing for His childreu In that blessed place, Call - ing them to glo - ry, Send - ing them His grace ;

Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love, Is gone up in tri - umph To His Throne a - bove.
 Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev - er more to die, Je - sus, King of Glo - ry Is gone up on high.
 His bright home prepar - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you ; Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.

Chorus.

All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing ; Je - sus hath as - cend - ed ! Glo - ry to our King !

COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME.

113

HENRY ALFORD, 1844.

Dr. G. J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thankful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home! All is safe-ly gathered in,
 2. What is earth but God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield? Wheat and tares are thereiu sown,
 3. For we know that Thou wilt come, And wilt take Thy peo-ple home; From Thy field wilt purge a-way

4. Ere the win-ter storms be-gin; God, our Ma-ker, doth pro-vide For' our wants to be supplied;
 5. Un-to joy or sor-row grown; Ripening with a wondrous power, Till the fi-nal Har-vest-hour:
 6. All that doth of-fend, that day; And Thine An-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to east,

7. Come to God's own Temple, come; Raise the song of Har-vest-home!
 8. Grant, O Lord of Life, that wo Ho-ly grain and pure may be.
 9. But the fruit-ful ears to store In Thy gar-ner ev-er-more.
 10. Come, then, Lord of mercy, come, Bid us siog Thy Harvest-home!
 Let Thy Saints be gathered in.
 Free from sorrow, free from sin
 All upon the golden floor,
 Praising Thee for evermore;
 Come, with thousand angels, come,
 Bid us siog Thy Harvest-home!

HENRY DOWNTON, 1843.

J. H. KNECHT, 1793.

1. For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Faith - ful through an - oth - er year, Hear our song of
 2. In our weak - ness and dis - tress, Rock of strength! be Thou our stay! In the path - less

thank - ful - ness, Fa - ther, and Re - deem - er, hear!
 wil - der - ness Be our true and liv - ing way!

3 Who of us death's awful road
 In the coming year shall tread?
 With Thy rod and staff, O God,
 Comfort Thou his dying bed!

4 Make us faithful, make us pure,
 Keep us evermore Thine own!
 Help, O help us to endure!
 Fit us for Thy promis'd crown.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

SPOHR.

1. 'Tis a pleasant thing to see Brethren in the Lord a - gree, Children of a God of love
 2. Gen - tly as the dews dis - til Down on Si - ou's ho - ly hill, Dropping gladness where they fall,

Live as they shall live a - bove; Act - ing each a Christian part, One in lip, and one in heart.
Bright'ning and re - fresh - ing all; Such is Christian u - nion shed Thro' the members from the Head.

WE LOOK TO THEE.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Part of a Song by THIBAUT, King of Navarre, who died 1254.

1. Je - sus, Lord, we look to Thee; Let us in Thy name a - gree; Show Thy - self the
2. Make us of oue heart and mind—Courteous, pit - i - ful, and kind; Low - ly, meek, in

Prince of Peace; Bid our jars for - ev - er cease.
thought and word— Al - to - geth - er like our Lord.

3 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abido;
All the depths of love express—
All the heights of holiness.

4 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

REGINALD HEBER, 1820.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem-pest is stream-ing, When o'er the dark wave the red
 2. O Je - sus, once rocked on the breast of the hil - low, A - roused by the shriek of de-
 3. And oh, when the whirlwind of pas-sien is rag - ing, When sin in our hearts its wild

light-ning is gleam-ing, Ner hope lends a ray the poor sea - man to cher-ish,
 spair from Thy pil - low, New seat - ed in glo - ry, the ma - ri - ner cher-ish,
 war - fare is wag - ing, Then send down Thy graee, Thy re - deem - éd to cher-ish;

We fly to our Mak - er: — "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."
 Who cries in his an - guish: "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."
 Re - buke the de - stroy - er: "Save, Lord, or we per - ish." A - men.

HOW SWEETLY FLOWED.

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Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. How sweet - ly flow'd the gos - pel's sound From lips of gen - tle -

ness and grace, When list - 'ning thou - sands gath - er'd round,

And joy and rev - 'rence filled the place.

2.
From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke,
To heav'n He led His follower's way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3.
"Come, wand'ers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

FROM THE FIRST DAWN.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. From the first dawn of in - fant life Thy goodness we have shared, And still we live to
 2. To seek Thy grace, to do Thy will, O Lord, our hearts in - cline; And o'er the paths of

sing Thy praise, By sov'reign mer - cy spared!
 fu - ture life Command Thy light to shine.

3 While taught to read the word of truth,
 May we that word receive;
 And when we hear of Jesus' name,
 In that blest name believe.

4 Let not our feet incline to tread
 Sin's broad destructive road;
 But trace those holy paths which lead
 To glory and to God.

LORD, THY WORD ABIDETH.

Sir HENRY W. BAKER, Bt., 1860.

J. B. KÖNIG, 1733.

1. Lord, Thy Word abideth, And our footsteps guideth; Who its truth believ - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.

2.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

4.

Word of mercy, giving
Successor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

5.

Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

THY HOLY LAW.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

Melody attributed to MOZART.

1. O how I love Thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light; And thence my med - i -
2. My wak - ing eyes pre - vent the day To med - i - tate Thy Word; My soul with long - ing

ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.
melts a - way To hear Thy gos - pel, Lord.

3 How doth Thy Word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope;
And there I write Thy praise.

MICHAEL HAYDN, 1739.

1. O Thou, whose glo - ry and whose grace Ce - les - tial hosts pro - claim, Look down from
2. With - in the vol - ume of Thy word, We, from our ear - ly youth, Learn of our

heaven, Thy dwelling-place, Teach us to fear Thy name.
Sav - iour and our Lord, The Way, the Life, the Truth.

3 Thy word displays the concord sweet
Of fear and holy love ;
Mercy and truth together meet,
Descending from above.

4 O Lord ! Thy glory and Thy grace
Whilst now our lips proclaim,
Come to our hearts, Thy dwelling-place,
And make us fear Thy name.

LET CHILDREN COME TO ME.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826.

1. Tho Lord, who once our weak - ness knew, Born in this vale of tears, In wis - dom
2. And as He bare our bum - ble lot, Man - kind from sin to free, In mer - cy

as in stat - ure grew, In fa - vor as in years.
said "For - bid them not, Let chil - dren come to me."

- 3 May we, O Lord, betimes obey
The call Thy grace has given,
And still pursue the narrow way
That leads our steps to heaven.
- 4 Tho' angels round Thy throne on high
Their hymns of triumph raise,
Thou hearest when to Thee we cry,
Thou wilt not scorn our praise.

SAVIOUR, WHO THY FLOCK ART FEEDING.

Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D.

Arr. from METERBEER.

1. Saviour! who Thy flock art feed - ing With the Shepherd's kind - est care, All the fee - ble
2. Now, these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold them in Thy gra - cious arm; There, we know, Thy

gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share;
word be - liev - ing, On - ly there, se - cure from harm.

- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:
- 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

1. Shepherd of Is - rael, from a - bove Thy fee - ble flock be - hold; And let us nev - er
2. Thou wilt not east Thy lambs a - way; Thy baud is ev - er near, To guide them lest they

lose Thy love, Nor wan - der from Thy fold.
go a - stray, And keep them safe from fear. *A - men.*

3 We want Thy help, for we are frail;
Thy light, for we are blind;
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
To prove that Thou art kind.

4 Teach us the things we ought to know,
And may we find them true;
And still in stature as we grow,
Increase in wisdom too. Amen.

LET CHILDREN HEAR THE MIGHTY DEEDS.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. Let children hear the mighty deeds Which God performed of old; Which in our younger years we saw, And
2. He bids us make His glories known, His works of pow'r and grace; And we'll convey His wonders down Thro'

which our fathers told, And which our fathers told.
ev - 'ry rising race, Thro' ev - 'ry rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations, yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

HAST THOU WITHIN A CARE SO DEEP.

RYLE'S Collection.

THOMAS GAMBIER PARRY.

1. Hast thou with-in a care so deep, It chas-es from thine eye-lids sleep? To thy Re - deem - er
2. Hast thou a hope with which thy heart Would almost feel it death to part? En - treat thy God that

take that care, And change anx-i-e-ty to prayer.
hope to crown, Or give thee strength to lay it down.

3 Hast thou a friend whose image dear
May prove an idol worshipped here?
Implore the Lord that nought may be
A shadow between Heaven and thee.

4 What'er the care that breaks thy rest,
What'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

THOMAS KELLY, 1833.

HENRY SMART, 1868.

1. See, from Zi - on's sa - cred mountain, Streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow; God has o - pen'd
2. Thro' ten thou - sand chan - nels flow - ing, Streams of mer - cy find their way: Life, and health, and

there a fount - ain, That sup - plies the world be - low; They are bless - 'éd, They are bless - 'éd,
joy be - stow - ing, Wak - ing beau - ty from de - cay; O ye na - tions! O ye na - tions!

Who its sov - 'reign vir - tues know.
Hail the long - ex - pect - ed day. *A - men.*

3.
Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose;
Lo! the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

Amen.

WHO IS THIS WITH GARMENTS DYED? 127

EDWARD ARTHUR DAYMAN, 1865.

HENRY SMART.

1. "Who is this, with garments dyed, This that comes from E - dom, Trav'ling thus from Boz-rah's side,

In the might of free - dom?" "I, the Conq'ror o'er the grave, I, the might - y One to save!"

2 "Why is Thine apparel red,
Stains of blood bespeaking?
Why Thy robe as theirs that tread
In the wine-press, reeking
With the juice of grape, say, why
Such strange garb of victory?"

3 "I have trodden, all alone,
This world's wine-press ample,
And I wondered of mine own
None the foe could trample!
Rescue then my Vengeance brought,
Mine own Arm salvation wrought!"

4 Yes, I know Thee now!—the Word,
Writ in sacred story;
Angel of the Presence, Lord,
Christ, the King of Glory—
Know Thy deeds in days of old;
Kindness—pity—love untold!

5 Lord! though erring from Thy grace,
Though our heart be hardened,
Grant Thine exiled sons a place
In Thy City, pardoned!
There to meet—life's warfare done—
Thy true Godhead, Three in One.

C. WESLEY, 1740.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Je-sus! Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the wa-ters near-er roll,
n. s. Safe in - to the ha-ven guide;

Fine. While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;
O receive my soul at last! *D. S.*

2.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4.

Pleatous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art:
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

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Rev. Dr. W. A. MUHLENBERG, 1823.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1864.

1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the High - est, how low - ly His birth ;
 2. Tell how He com - eth ; from na - tion to na - tion, The heart - cheering news let the earth ech - o round ;
 3. Mor - tals, your homage be grate - ful - ly bring - ing, And sweet let the gladsome ho - san - na a - rise ;

The brightest archan - gel in glo - ry ex - cell - iog, He stoops to re - deem thee, He reigns up - on earth.
 How free to the faith - ful He of - fers sal - va - tion, How His people with joy ev - er - lasting are crown'd.
 Ye an - gels, the full hal - le - lu - jah be sing - ing ; One cho - rus re - sound thro' the earth and the skies.

Chorus.*

Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Je - ru - sa - lem tri - umphs, Mes - si - ah is King!

* It is usual to begin with the Chorus.

GOD'S LOVE TO ME.

Hymn and Music by WM. F. SHERWIN, 1872.



1. Grand-er than o - cean's sto - ry Or songs of for - est trees— Pur - er than breath of
 2. Dear-er than a - ny lov - ings The tru - est friends be - stow— Stronger than all the
 3. Rich-er than all earth's treas-ure The wealth my soul re - ceives; Bright-er than roy - al



morn - ing Or eve-ning's gen - tle breeze— Clear-er than mount-ain ech - oes Ring out from
 yearn - ings A moth-er's heart can know— Deep-er than earth's foun - da - tions, And far a -
 jew - els The crown that Je - sus gives; Wondrous the con - de - seen - sion, And grace be -



peaks a - bove— Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love!
 bove all thought— Broad-er than heaven's high arch - es, The love that Christ has brought!
 yond de - gree! I would be ev - er sing - ing The love of Christ to me!



HEAD OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

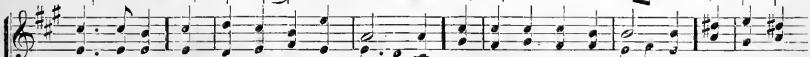
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C. WESLEY.

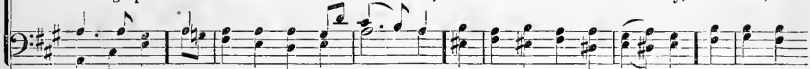
From BEETHOVEN'S celebrated Septuor.



1. Head of the Church tri-um - phant, We joy - ful - ly a - dore Thee; Till Thou ap - pear Thy
 2. While in af - flic - tion's fur - nace, And pass - ing thro' the fire, . . . Thy love we praise In
 3. Thou dost con - duct Thy peo - ple Thro' tor - rents of temp - ta - tion; Nor will we fear, While
 4. By faith we see the glo - ry To which Thou shalt re - store us; The world de - spise For



mem - bers here Shall sing like those in glo - ry: We lift our hearts and voi - ces With blest an -
 grate - ful lays, Which ev - er brings us nigh - er: We clap our hands ex - ult - ing In Thine al -
 Thou art near, The fire of trib - u - la - tion: The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our
 that high prize Which Thou hast set be - fore us; And if Thou count us wor - thy, We each, as



ti - ci - pa - tion, And cry a - loud, And give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion,
 mighty fa - vor; Thy love di - vine That made us Thine Shall keep us Thine for - ev - er.
 march op - pos - es; By Thee we shall Break thro' them all Ere death our con - flict clos - es.
 dy - ing Ste - phen, Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to heav - en.



HARK! HARK, MY SOUL!

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1815—1863.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ie songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them siv - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening pe - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and

shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall
 come!" And thro' the dark its ech - oes sweetly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel
 sea, And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry

be no more. An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come tho
 leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus, &c.
 steps to Thee. An - gels of Je - sus, &c.

Musical score for the hymn "HARK! HARK, MY SOUL!". It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pil - grims of the night.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

GOD OF MERCY, GOD OF GRACE.

Bishop HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, (1834) 1847.

From the German.

Musical score for the hymn "GOD OF MERCY, GOD OF GRACE.". It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightaess of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Let Thy love on all be poured;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
Oae in joy and light and love.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1856.

Rev. L. G. HAYNES, Mus. Doc.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sours come, And we shall be with
 2. A few more strug-gles here, A few more part-ings o'er, A few more toils, a

those that rest A-sleep with-in the tomb: Then, gra-cious Lord, pre-pare Our souls for
 few more tears, And we shall weep no more: Then, gra-cious Lord, pre-pare Our souls for

that great day; Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood, And take our sins a-way.
 that bright day; Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood, And take our sins a-way. A-men.

3 A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way,
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 Th' eternal Sabbath-day.
 Then, gracious Lord, prepare
 Our souls for that sweet day ;
 Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood,
 And take our sins away.

4 Yet but a little while
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign.
 Then, gracious Lord, prepare
 Our souls for that glad day ;
 Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood,
 And take our sins away. Amen.

TRUST.

W. BENGCO COLLYER, 1812.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain and death, and
 2. While our si - lent steps are stray - ing Lone - ly thro' night's deep - ning shade, Glo - ry's bright - est

night and an - guish En - ter not the world a - bove,
 beams are play - ing Round the hap - py Chris - tian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high,
 In His glorious presence living,
 They shall never, never die.

4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
 O'er the grave of those you love ;
 Far removed from pain and anguish,
 They are chanting hymns above.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1812.

J. BARNBY, 1867.

1. Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not de - plore thee, Though sor - rows and
2. Thou art gone to the grave: we no lon - ger be - hold thee, Nor tread the rough

dark - ness en - com - pass the tomb; The Sav - iour hath pass'd thro' its por - tals be - fore thee,
path of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of Mer - cy are spread to eu - fold thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide thro' the gloom.
And sin - ners may die, for the Sin - less has died.

3.

Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound that thou heard'st was the Seraphim's
song!

4.

Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide!
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

COMFORT IN SORROW.

137

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1822.

R. REDHEAD.

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er - flow, When we
2. Thou our throbbing flesh hast woru; Thou our mor - tal griefs hast borne; Thou hast

mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear!
shed the hu - man tear; Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear! A - men.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier -
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit sinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

CHILD'S BURIAL.

Miss CATHARINE WINKWORTH, England.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1872. Written for this Work.

1. Ten - der Shep - herd, Thou hast still'd Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing: Ah, how
2. In this world of care and pain, Lord, Thou would'st no lon - ger leave it; To the

peace - ful, pale, and mild, In its nar - row bed 'tis sleeping, And no sigh of
sun - ny, heav'n - ly plain Thou dost now with joy re - ceive it; Clothed in robes of

an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.
spot - less white Now it dwells with Thee in light.

2.
Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving:
Then the gain of death we prove,
Tho' Thou take what most we love.

THOU WHO WAST ONCE A CHILD.

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Miss S. L. EMERT, 1871. By permission.

J. H. CORNELL, Organist of St. Paul's Chapel, N. Y., 1871.

1. Thou Who wast once a Child, Thy chil- dren pray to Thee, When - e'er the day - light
 2. In ev - 'ry dau - ger, Lord, To Thee we lift our ery; Oh, bear on land or

breaks, Wher - e'er we be. Throughout the bu - sy day Preserve us, Lord, from sin. And
 sea.... And be Thou nigh. When bright the lightnings flash, Keep us from wild a - larm; Let

when Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, Oh, let us in.
 none who trust in Thee Fear pain or harm.

Org.

3.
 Thou who the night of sleep,
 And night of death hast known,
 Console us, when we weep
 Our dead alone:
 Guard us in sleep, in death,
 And grant at last that we
 May wake in endless light
 Thy face to see.

JEMIMA LUKE, 1841.

From J. H. CORNELL'S Cong. Tune-Book, by permission.

1. I... think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,

How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.

2.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above—

4.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

THERE IS A LAND IMMORTAL.

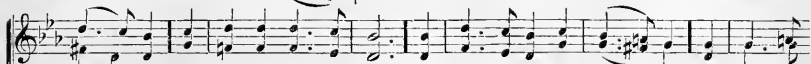
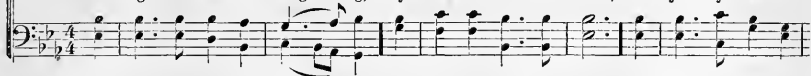
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BARRY CORNWALL.

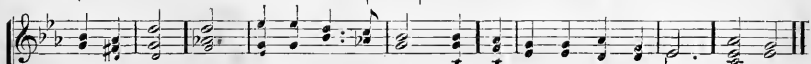
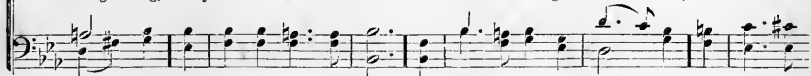
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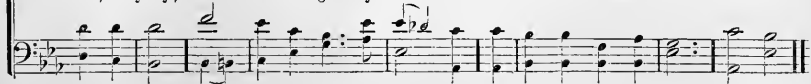
1. There is a Land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands; Be - side its an - eient
 2. Tho' dark and drear the pas - sage That lead - eth to the gate, Yet grae comes with the
 3. Their sighs are lost in sing - ing, They're bless - ed in their tears; Their jour - ney heav'nward



por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands; He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen
 mes - sage To souls that watch and wait; And at the time ap - point - ed A mes - sen -
 wing - ing, They leave on earth their fears; Death like au an - gel seem - eth; "We wel - come



wide the door; And mor - tals who pass through it Are mor - tals nev - er - more.
 ger comes down, And leads the Lord's u - n - point - ed From cross to gla - ry's crown.
 thee," they cry; Their face with glo - ry beam - eth—'Tis life for them to die! A - men.



O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM.

FRANCIS BAKER, 1616. Also attributed to QUARLES.

From "Cantica Sacra," by special permission.

1. O mother dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows

have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O

sweet and pleas - ant soil! In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

2 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
 But every soul shines as the sun,
 For God Himself gives light.
 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
 Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
 Thy gates are all of orient-pearl—
 O God! if I were there!

3 Right through thy streets with pleasing sound
 The flood of life doth flow,
 And on the banks, on either side,
 The trees of life do grow.
 Those trees each month yield ripening fruit,
 For evermore they spring,
 And all the nations of the earth
 To thee their honors bring.

[For 4th vers see opposite page.]

O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM.

143

Words as in previous Tune.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1872. Written for this Work.

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows

have an end! Thy joys when shall I see? O hap - py bar - bor of God's saints! O

sweet and pleasant soil! In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

4 There the blest souls that hardly 'scaped
The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell.

O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see!

THERE'S A BRIGHT LAND.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848.

Chiefly by Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868.

1. Ev - 'ry morn the ro - sy sun Ris - es warm and bright; But the eve - ning com - eth on And the

dark, cold night: There's a bright land far a - way, Where is nev - er end - ing day.

- 2 Ev'ry spring the sweet young flowers
 Open fresh and gay;
 Till the chilly autumn hours
 Wither them away:
 There's a land we have not seen,
 Where the trees are always green!
- 3 Little birds sing songs of praise
 All the summer long;
 But in colder, shorter days
 They forget their song;
 There's a place where angels sing
 Ceaseless praises to their King.

- 4 Christ our Lord is ever near
 Those who follow Him!
 But we cannot see Him here,
 For our eyes are dim:
 There's a blissful happy place
 Where men always see His face.
- 5 Who shall go to that bright land?
 All who do the right:
 Holy children there shall staid
 In their robes of white.
 For that Heaven so bright and blest,
 Is our everlasting rest.

BRIEF LIFE OUR PORTION.

143

BERNARD OF MORLAIX, 1140, transl. by Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1858.

By special permission from Cantica Sacra.

1. Brief life is here our por - tion; Brief sorrow, short-lived care: The life that knows no ending, The tearless life, is *there*.

O hap - py re - tri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest; For mortals and for sin - ners A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the bat - tle, But then shall wear the crown Of full and ev - er - last - ing And passionless re - nown.

2 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;
But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
'The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

3 There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

[This hymn is the first part of the celebrated poem of three thousand lines, entitled: "De Contemptu Mundi," the design being to persuade men to the contempt of the world.—On pages 145 and 147 are to be found the second and third parts of it.]

FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY.

BERNARD, of Morlaix, 1140. Translated by Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1858.

From "Cantica Sacra," by sp. permission.

1. For thee, O dear, dear Coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep; For ve - ry love, be - bold - ing
2. O one, O on - ly Man - sion! O Par - a - dise of Joy! Where tears are ev - er ban - ished,
3. With jas - per glow thy bul - warks, Thy streets with emeralds blaze; The sar - dius and the to - paz

Thy hap - py name, they weep. The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unction to the breast, And
And smiles have no al - loy; The Lamb is all thy splen - dor; The Cru - ci - fied thy praise; His
U - nite in thee their rays; Thine age - less walls are bond - ed With am - e - thyst un - priced; The

med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.
laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ransomed peo - ple raise,
saints build up its fab - ric, And the corner - stone is Christ.

4.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

[This is the second part of the celebrated Poem, "De contemptu mundi."]

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN!

147

BERNARD, of Norwich, 1140. Translated by Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D., 1858.

ALEX. EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en With milk and hon - ey blest; Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel
 3. And they who with their Lead - er Have conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er,

Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh, I know not What ho - ly joys are there,
 And all the mar - tyr Zi - on, There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re - leased,
 Are clad in robes of white. O land that seest no sor - row! O state that fear'st no strife!

4.
 O sweet and blesséd country!
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blesséd country
 That eager hearts expect!
 What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry. What bliss be - yond compare.
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
 O roy - al land of flow - ers! O realm and home of life! A - men. Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
 Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

[This is the third and last part of the Poem, "De contempta mundi!"]

Rev. FRED. W. FABER, D.D., 1862.

J. BARNBY, 1866.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

Where loy - al hearts and true

hap - py land Where they that lov'd are blest? Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand

ev - er in the light, All rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

O HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

149

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1839. From the Latin, 17th or 18th century.

FREDERICK WESTLAKE.

1. O heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, E - ter - nal are thy halls, And bless - ed are the
 2. There God the Lord for - ev - er reigns, Him - self of all the crown, The Lamb, the Light that

cho - sen ones That dwell with - in thy walls ; Thou art the gold - en home of peace, Where
 shin - eth clear, And nev - er go - eth down ; Naught to this seat can e'er approach, To

saints for - ev - er sing, The seat of God's own her - it - age, The pal - ace of the King.
 break the saint's sweet rest, They praise their God for - ev - er more, Nor day nor night they rest.

JOHN EAST, 1836.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1871.

1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pas-tures ev - er green, Where sul - try sun, or
2. Soon at his feet my soul will lie, In life's last struggling breath; But I shall on - ly

storm - y day, Or night is nev - er seen. Far up the ev - er - last - ing hills In
, seem to die, I shall not taste of death! Far from this guilt - y world to be Ex -

God's own light it lies; His smile its vast di - men - sion fills With joy that nev - er dies
empt from toil and strife, To spend e - ter - ni - ty with Thee—My Sa - viour! this is life.

THE ROSEATE HUES OF EARLY DAWN.

151

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

FREDERICK HERVEY.

1. The ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day, The crim-son of the
 2. The high-est hopes we cher-ish here, How fast they tire and faint, How many a spot de-
 3. Here faith is ours, and heav'n-ly hope, And grace to lead us higher; But there are per-fect-

sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way! Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heav'n, Oh, for the
 files the robe That wraps an earth-ly saint! Oh, for a heart that nev-er sins, Oh, for a
 ness and peace, Be-yond our best de-sire! Oh, by Thy love and an-guish, Lord, And by Thy

gold-en floor! Oh, for the Sun of Right-cous-ness That set-teth nev-er-more!
 soul wash'd white! Oh, for a voice to praise our King, Nor wea-ry day nor night
 life laid down, Grant that we fall not from Thy grace, Nor cast a-way our crown.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
 2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubt - ing stand?

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our Sav - iour King,
 Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When, from sin and sor - row free,

Loud let His pris - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Oh, then to glory run,
 Be a crown and Kingdom won;
 And bright above the sun,
 We reign for aye.

DEATHLESS PRINCIPLE, ARISE!

153

Rev. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, 1777.

E. G. MONK, 1867.

1. Death - less prin - ei - ple, a - rise! Soar, thou na - tive of the skies!
 2. Lo, He beek - ons from on high! Fear - less to His Pres - ence fly!

Pearl of price, by Je - sus bought, To His glo - rious like - ness wrought!
 Thine the mer - it of His Blood; Thine the right - eous - ness of God.

3 Angels, joyful to attend
 Hov'ring round thy pillow bend:
 Wait to catch the signal given,
 And escort thee quick to Heaven.

4 Is thy earthly house distress,
 Willing to retain her guest?
 'Tis not thou, but she, must die:
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly!

5 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
 Sweetly breathe thyself away;
 Singing, to thy crown remove,
 Swift of wing, and fired with love.

6 Saints, in glory perfect made,
 Wait thy passage through the shade
 Swiftly to their wish be given:
 Kindle higher joy in Heaven!

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

Rev. J. B. DYKES:

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their golden crowns a -

song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three
round the glas - sy sea; Che - ru - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and

Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
art, and ev - er - more shalt be. A - men.

- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and
sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, Ho - ly, Un - de - filed, List - en to a lit - tle child; Thou hast sent the glo - rious light,
2. Thou hast sent the sun to shine O'er this glorious world of Thine, Warmth to give, and pleasant glow

Chas - ing far the si - lent night.
On each ten - der flow'r be - low. A - men.

3.

Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise,
In the early songs they raise.

4.

Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without Whom I cannot live.

5.

Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in ev'ry way,
Teach me what to do and say.

6.

Help me never to forget
That in Thy great book is set
All that children think and say,
For the awful Judgment Day.

7.

Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, Lord;
Help me so to live in love,
As Thine Angels do above.

8.

Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly ev'ry day;
And when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heav'nly home. Amen.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793—1847.

Arr. by WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
 2. Not a brief glance I beg, a part-ing word, But as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord,

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
 Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend-ing, pa-tient, free, Come, not to so - journ, but a - bide with me! *A - men.*

3.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

4.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
 And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

5.

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour:
 What but Thy graec can foil the tempter's power!
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

6.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! *Amen.*

WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK. 157

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

C. E. WILLING.

1. We are but lit - tle chil - dren weak, Nor born in an - y high es - tate; What

can we do for Je - sus' sake, Who is so high and good and great? A - men.

2 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes;

4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,

Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMES!

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

JEAN BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. The Bridegroom comes! Bride of the Lamb, awake! The midnight cry is heard; Thy sleep for- sake.
2. Shake off earth's dust, And wash thy weary feet; A-rise, make haste, go forth, The Bridegroom greet.

Lift up thy head, The marriage day has come. Put on thy bridal robe, The feast is spread.
Sing the new song! Thy triumph has begun; Thy tears are wiped away, Thy night is done! A-men.

WITH GLADSOME FEET WE PRESS.

Rev. WM. CORBET SINGLETON, 1867.

C. A. McFARREN, 1867.

With gladsome feet we press To Si-on's ho-ly mount,

1. With glad - - some feet we press To Si - - - on's ho - ly mount, Where gushes from its

Oh, hap - py, hap - py bill, The

deep re - cess The cool - ing fount: Oh! hap - - - py, hap - py bill, The

joy of ev - ery saint!

joy of ev - 'ry saint! With sweet Silo - am's crys - tal rill, That cheers the faint.

2.

Great City, blest of God!
 Jerusalem the free!
 With ceaseless step the path be trod,
 That leads to Thee!
 The martyr's bleeding feet,
 The saints with woundless breast,
 Alike have sought Thy golden seat
 To win their rest.

3.

There, calming all alarms,
 Thy Cross of Love is traced,
 Outstretching salutary arms,
 To bless the waste;
 The sinner there can plead
 In ever listening ears;
 On hope and Thee can sweetly feed,
 And dry his tears.

4.

So this our festal day
 Celestial joy shall raise,
 While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay
 To hymn Thy praise!
 The very stones shall ring,
 Resound each holy wall,
 With Thee, Thyself the Rock, the Spring,
 Our Heaven, our All!

EDWARD DENNY, 1839.

WM. MASON, Mus. Doc., 1872. For this Work.

1. What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low ; What pa - tient
2. For, ev - er on Thy bur - den'd heart A weight of sor - row hung ; Yet no un -

love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.
gen - tle, murm'ring word Es - cap'd Thy si - lent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee !
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

COME, YE THAT LOVE THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

ANNE STEELE, 1716-1778.

WM. MASON, Mus. Doc., 1872. For this Work.

1. Come, ye that love the Sav - iour's name, And joy to' make it known ; The Sov - 'reign
2. Be - hold your King, your Sav - iour, crowned With glo - ries all di - vine ; And tell the

of your hearts pro-claim, And bow be-fore His throne.
wond'ring na-tions round, How bright those glo-ries shine.

3 When in His earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We loog to love as angels do,
And with their voice to siog.

4 O, for the day, the glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

JOHN CENXICK, 1743.

GEO. J. WEBB, 1872. For this Work.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing; Sing your Saviour's
2. We are trav-ling home to God In the way the fa-tthers trod; They are hap-py

worthy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.
now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness stiall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and bleat!
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

WILLIAM MASON, Mus. Doc., 1872. For this work.

1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour, Friend un - seen! The faint, the weak on Thee may lean;
 2. Blest with com - mu - nion so di - vine, Take what Thou wilt, shall I re pine,
 3. Far from her home, fa - tighed, op - prest, Here she has found a place of rest;

ritard.

Help me, throughout life's va - rying scene, By faith to cling to Thee.....
 When, as the branch - es to the vine, My soul may cling to Thee!.....
 An ex - ile still, yet not un - blest, While she eau cling to Thee!.....

4.
 What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and joys remove?
 With patient, uncomplaining love
 "Still would I cling to Thee!"

5.
 Oft when I seem to tread alone
 Some barren waste with thorns o'er-
 grown,
 A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
 Whispers, "Still cling to me!"

6.
 Though faith and hope awhile be
 tried,
 I ask not, need not aught beside;
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The souls that cling to Thee.

JESUS, TEACH ME.

163

From "Cantica Sacra," by special permission—re-arranged for this Work.

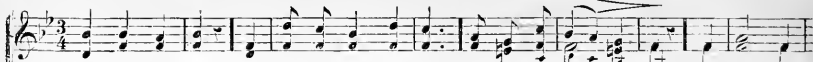
1. Je - sus, teach me how to pray, Suf - fer not my thoughts to stray, Send dis - trac - tions
 2. When I work or when I play, Be Thou with me through the day; Teach me what to

far a - way, O Son of God! Let me not be rude or wild, Make me hum - ble,
 do and say, O Sou of God! Make me love my Sav - iour blest, Safe beneath His

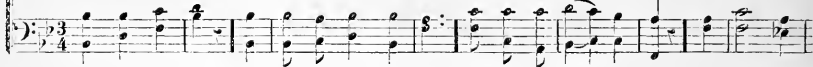
meeK and mild, Pure as an - gels un - de - filed, O Son of God.
 care to rest As a bird with - in its nest, O Son of God. A - men.

PRAISE YE THE LORD!

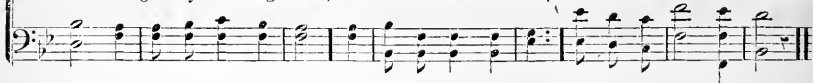
LOWELL MASON,* Mus. Doc. For this Work.



1. Praise ye the Lord! Ex - alt His glo - rious might, And speak His ho - ly Name; The sun, the
 2. Loud sing His praise! In bounteous love He looks On hill and smil - ing vale; Till corn and



moon and stars, with gleaming light, His loft - y pow'r pro - claim, His loft - y pow'r pro - claim.
 vine and grass by tow - ing brooks, The sun - lit sea - sons hail, The sun - lit sea - sons hail.



3.

Loud sing His praise!
 Beneath His gracious hand,
 On fields of gen'rous soil,
 The plenteous sheaves of golden harvest stand,
 The treasures of our toil.

4.

Praise ye the Lord!
 Wide may our spirits cast
 Their precious seed of love,
 To give our souls, when summer days are past,
 A Harvest-home above!

* DR. LOWELL MASON died at Orange, N. J., August 11, 1872.

GERMAN CHORALS.

LORD JESUS CHRIST, MY LIFE, MY LIGHT

"HERR JESUS CHRIST, MEIN LEBENSLICHT," [NOTE B.]

See p. 173.

1. Lord Je - sus Christ, my Life, my Light, My strength by day, my trust by night,
2. Oh, let Thy sufferings give me power To meet the last and dark - est hour

On earth I'm but a pass - ing guest, And sore - ly with my sins oppress'd.
Thy cross the staff where - on I lean, My couch the grave where Thou hast been. *A - men.*

3 Since Thou hast died, the Pure, the Just,
I take my homeward way in trust;
The gates of Heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

4 And when the last Great Day is come,
And Thou, our Judge, shalt speak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light,
And set me then upon Thy right.

5 Renew this wasted flesh of mine,
That like the sun it there may shine
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like Thyself in glorious light.

6 Ah, then I have my heart's desire,
When singing with the angels' choir,
Among the ransomed of Thy graec,
Forever I behold Thy face! Amen.

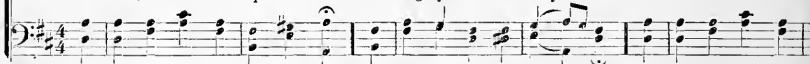
166 OUR GOD STANDS FIRM, A ROCK AND TOWER.

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT." [NOTE A.]

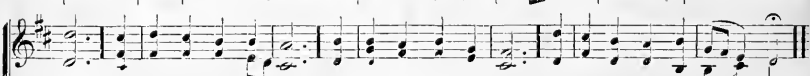
See p. 173.



1. Our God stands firm, a rock and tow'r, A shield when danger press - es; A read-y help in
2. Our strength is weakness in the fight; Our cour-age soon de - fee - tion; But comes a War-rior,
3. Then Lord, a - rise! lift up Thine arm! With mighty sue - cor stay us! Oh! turn a - side the



ev - 'ry hour When doubt or pain dis - tress - es! For our ma - lig - nant foe Unswerving aims his
 clad in might, A Prince of God's e - lec - tion! Who is this wondrous Chief, That brings this glad re -
 dead - ly harm, When Sa - tan would be - tray us; That, rescued by Thy hand, In triumph we may



blow; His fear - ful arms tho while, Dark pow'r and dark - er guile; His hid - den craft is match - less,
 lief? The field of bat - tle boasts Christ Je - sus, Lord of Hosts, Still con - qu'ring and to con - quer!
 stand, And round Thy foot - stool crowd, In joy to sing a - loud High praise to our Re - deem - er.



O MORNING STAR! HOW FAIR AND BRIGHT. 167

WIE SCHOEN LEUCHTET (UNS) DER MORGENSTERN. [NOTE II.]

See p. 173.



1. { O Morning Star! how fair and bright Thou beamest forth in trust and light! O Sov'reign meek and lowly,
Thou Root of Jesse, David's Son, My Lord and Bridegroom, Thou hast won My heart to serve Thee solely! }
2. { Thou Heav'nly Brightness! Light Divine! O deep within my heart now shine, And make Thee there an altar!
Fill me with joy and strength to be Thy member, ev - er joined to Thee In love that can - not fal - ter; }



Ho - ly art Thou, fair and glorious, All victorious, rich in bless - ing, Rule and might o'er all pos - sess - ing.
Tow'rd Thee longing doth possess me, Turn and bless me; for Thy gladness Eye and heart here pine in sad - ness.



3.

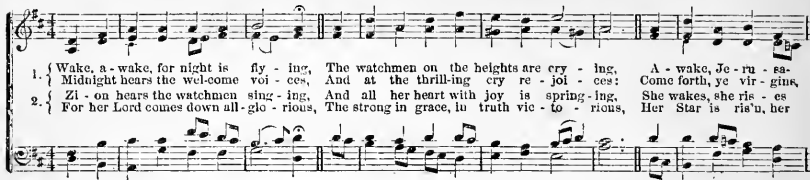
But if Thou look on me in love,
There straightways falls from God above
A ray of purest pleasure;
Thy Word and Spirit, flesh and blood,
Refresh my soul with heavenly food,
Thou art my hidden treasure;
Let Thy grace, Lord, warm and cheer me,
O draw near me; Thou hast taught us
Thice to seek since Thou hast sought us!

4.

Here will I rest, and hold it fast.
The Lord I love is First and Last,
The End as the Beginning!
Here I can calmly die, for Thou
Wilt raise me where Thou dwellest now;
Above all tears, all sinning:
Amen! Amen! Come, Lord Jesus,
Soon release us; with deep yearning,
Lord, we look for Thy returning!

"WACHET AUF! RUFT UNS DIE STIMME." [NOTE C.]

See p. 176.



1. { Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing, The watchmen on the heights are cry - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa -
Midnight hears the wel - come voi - ces, And at the thrill - ing cry re - joi - ces: Come forth, ye vir - gins,

2. { Zi - on hears the watchmen sing - ing, And all her heart with joy is spring - ing, She wakes, she ris - es
For her Lord comes down all - glo - rious, The strong in grace, lu - truth vic - to - rious, Her Star is ris' - u, her



lem, at last! }
night is past! }
from her gloom; }
Light is come! }

The Bridegroom comes, awake, Your lamps with gladness take; Hal - le - lu - jah! And for His
Oh, come, Thou blessed Lord, O Je - sus, Son of God; Hal - le - lu - jah! We fol - low



mar - riage feast pre - pare, For ye must go to meet Him there.
till the halls we see Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

3 Now let all the heav'ns adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne:
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Eath yet attain'd to hear
What is there ours,
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

FROM HEAVEN ABOVE TO EARTH I COME. 169

"VOM HIMMEL HOCH DA KOMM' ICH HER." [NOTE D.]

See p. 173.

1. Ye heav'ns, oh haste your dews to shed, Ye clouds, rain glad - ness on our head;

Thou earth, be - hold the time of grace, And b'os - som forth in right - ous - ness

2 O living Sun, with joy break forth,
And pierce the gloomy clefts of earth;
Behold, the mountains melt away
Like wax beneath Thine ardent ray!

3 O Life-dew of the Churches, come,
And bid this arid desert bloom!
The sorrows of Thy people see,
And take our human flesh on Thee.

4 Refresh the parch'd and drooping mind,
The broken limb in mercy bind;
Us sinners from our guilt release,
And fill us with Thy heavenly peace.

5 O wonder! night no more is night!
Comes then at last the long'd-for light!
Ah yes, Thou shinest, O true Sun,
In whom are God and man made One.

O SACRED HEAD NOW WOUNDED

"O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN." [NOTE E.]

See p. 173.

1. { O sa-ered Head now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down, }
 { Now scorn-ful - ly sur-round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; } O sa-ered Head, what glo - ry

What bliss, til now, was Thine! Yet, tho' de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd

Was all for sinners' gain:

Mine, mine was the transgression,

But Thine the deadly pain:

Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!

'Tis I deserve Thy place;

Look on me with Thy favor,

Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,

Above all joys beside,

When in Thy body broken

I thus with safety hide:

My Lord of Life, desiring

Thy glory now to see;

Beside Thy cross expiring.

I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,

To praise Thee, heav'nly Friend:

For this, Thy dying sorrow,

Thy pity without end?

O make me Thine forever,

And should I fainting be,

Lord, let me never, never

Outlive my love to Thee!

5 And when I am departing,

O part not Thou from me!

When mortal pangs are darting,

Come, Lord, and set me free!

And when my heart must languish

Amidst the final throes,

Release me from mine anguish,

By Thine own pain and woe!

6 Be near when I am dying,

O show Thy cross to me!

And for my succor flying,

Come, Lord, and set me free!

These eyes, new faith receiving,

From Jesus shall not move;

For he who dies believing,

Dies safely, through Thy love.

TO GOD ON HIGH BE THANKS AND PRAISE. 171

"ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HOEH' SEY EHR." [NOTE F.]

See p. 173.

1. To God on high be thanks and praise For mer-cy eas-ing nev-er, Whereby no foe a
 2. The hon-ors paid Thy ho-ly Name, To hear Thou ev-er deign-est! Then, God the Fa-ther,
 3. O Je-sus Christ, our God and Lord, Son of Thy heavenly Fa-ther, O Thou who hast our

hand can raise, Nor harm can reach us ev-er! With joy to Him our hearts as-ceed, The Source of
 still the same, Un-shak-en ev-er reign-est! Unmeasured stands Thy glorious might! Thy tho'ts, Thy
 peace restor'd, And the lost sheep doth gath-er, Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high From out our

4.
 O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,
 Thou Comforter un-failing,
 O'er Satan's soars our souls uplift;
 And let Thy power availing
 Avert our woes and calm our dread,
 For us the Saviour's blood was shed,
 We trust in Thee to save us.

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

"NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT." [NOTE G.]

See p. 173.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voi - ces, Who won - drous
 2. Oh, may this boun - teous God Through all our life be near us, With ev - er
 3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther, now be giv - en, The Son, and

things hath done, In Whom His world re - joi - ces; Who from our mother's arms Hath
 joy - ful hearts And bless'd peace to cheer us; And keep us in His grace, And
 Him Who reigns With Them in high - est heav - en, — The One E - ter - nal God, Whom

blest us on our way With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
 guide us when per - plexed; And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
 earth and heav'n a - dore, For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

A FEW of the most celebrated German Chorals are inserted, with no apology for their appearance on the ground of novelty. They are the oldest melodic form of worship, beginning with the era of the Great Reformation, when many hymns were translated from the Latin into German, and adapted to "Tunes—oft-times "Volks-Gesänge" (People's-Songs), many of which were originally in triple measure. Martin Luther did much of this kind of work. His belief that he is the author of "Old Hundred" is a mistake: it was written by Franc, a Frenchman, who adapted it from a secular song.

Boston has introduced, at the School Children's Annual Festivals, several of these Chorals with great success; and at a recent entertainment in the Brooklyn, N. Y., Academy of Music, by the Sunday School Union, the Choral "Our God stands firm, a Rock and Tower," was sung by a chorus of a thousand children with sublime effect.

NOTE A. *Our God stands firm, a Rock and Tower.* (Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.)—This version of the Forty-sixth Psalm—known as Luther's—was arranged by Martin Luther (1483-1546), about the year 1529 at Coburg. Meyerbeer introduced this Choral in the Opera of "The Huguenots;" Otto Nicolai also, in his Festival Overture for orchestra and chorus; and latterly Richard Wagner some of the lines in his Kaiser-Marsch. It was first printed by J. Kling, Wittenberg, 1529, and appeared in the "Angsburger Gesangbuch," 1530. The first and second verses of this translation are by the Rev. Robert Corbet Singleton, M.A., the third verse added by the same author in 1867.

NOTE B. *Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light* (Herr Jesus Christ, mein Lebenslicht, also called, O Jesu Christ, meines Lebens Licht), first appeared in 1630, in triple measure, and was published by Joseph Claudero in "Psalmodia Nova," Leipzig, 1630. The author of the melody is unknown. Mendelssohn introduces it in "St. Paul." This version is translated by Miss Catharine Winkworth of Clifton, England, 1862.

NOTE C. *Wake, awake, for night is flying* (Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme), composed by Philipp Nicolai (1596-1608), was first known in 1538, and was published in Philipp Nicolai's "Freudenspiegel des ewigen Lebens," Frankfurt-am-Main, 1599. The present arrangement is nearly the same as that used by Mendelssohn in "St. Paul." Translated by Miss Winkworth, 1862, in "Lyra Germanica."

NOTE D. *From Heaven above to earth I come.* (Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her.)—This was originally a Christmas Carol, and is with the melody attributed to Martin Luther, 1540. Von Winterfeld claims that this melody was adapted from a secular song, entitled "From foreign lands I have come here" (Aus fremden Landen komm' ich her), and sprung up originally in the 15th

century. The Carol (Weihnachtslied) consisted of fifteen verses of four lines each, and was first published at Magdeburg, in 1540, and afterwards at Wittenberg, 1543, by Joseph Kling. The present version is translated and adapted by Miss Winkworth.

NOTE E. *O Sacred Head, now wounded.* (O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden, or Herzlich that mich verlangen.)—This—originally a secular song, "My mind is confused" (Mein Gemüth ist mir verwirrt)—is attributed to Hans George Hassler (1564-1612), in his time one of the most prominent of musicians and organists, and was composed in 1601. As a sacred song it made its first appearance in "Harmouia Sacra," third edition, Goerlitz, 1613. Johann Sebastian Bach has beautifully harmonized and introduced it in his music, "The Passion of Christ." It was originally a Latin hymn, written by Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, 1100, afterwards translated and adapted as a German Choral by Paul Gerhardt, 1666, and containing nine verses. The present translation is from the pen of the late Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander of New York.

NOTE F. *To God on high be thanks and praise.* (Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr.)—This, based upon a Chorale of the Latin Church and credited to N. Decius, who died of poison in 1530, has been arranged in at least forty different ways, and like many other Chorals usually appears in triple measure. It was thus arranged by Hans Kugelmann, Augsburg, 1540, in his "Concentus Novi," &c., and simultaneously in "Geistliche Lieder und Psalmen," Magdeburg, 1540. M. Lotther, Printer. Mendelssohn has a superior arrangement of it in "St. Paul." The first and second verses were translated by Miss Winkworth, and the third and fourth by Rev. Robert Corbet Singleton, M.A., First Warden of St. Peter's College, Radley, England, 1867.

NOTE G. *Now thank we all our God.* (Nun danket alle Gott.)—This melody is attributed to Johann Crüger (1598-1668), from the fact that it was first published in his "Geistliche Kirchenmelodien," Berlin, 1649. Becker credits it to M. Rinckhardt, (nat. 1586.) This hymn and tune are fully as popular in Germany as the Old Hundred in America. Mendelssohn has a magnificent arrangement of it in his "Hymn of Praise" (Lobgesang)—a Cantata for orchestra and voices. This translation is by Miss Winkworth.

NOTE H. *O Morning Star! how fair and bright.* (Wie schön leuchtet uns der Morgenstern.)—This dates from the 16th century, just previous to the year 1593. Von Winterfeld says it was originally a well-known and very popular song; the ninth line being very monotonous. The present arrangement is attributed to Philipp Nicolai (1556-1608); it was first published in his "Freudenspiegel des ewigen Lebens," at Frankfurt-am-Main, 1609. The present translation is by Miss Winkworth.

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